SUPERMAN
No. 67
DECEMBER
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
IND
ACTION COMICS
10¢
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MISSING PAGE

SUPERMAN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER
CRASH!...AND A ROOF FALLS INTO A CELLAR! SMASH!... AND STONE WALLS DISSOLVE INTO DUST! WHAM!...AND WHERE A BLOCK OF BUILDINGS STOOD, ONLY RUBBLE REMAINS!... NO, IT ISN'T A RAID BY ENEMY BOMBERS--IT'S SUPERMAN, CHANGING THE MINDS OF SOME VERY STUBBORN PEOPLE SO COMPLETELY THAT THEY'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN! SOME ARE HIDING FROM HAPPINESS, AND SOME FROM JUSTICE... BUT THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW PUTS A STOP TO THAT AS HE WRECKS AN ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD TO--
"MAKE WAY FOR FATE!"

LIKE A FLAMING METEOR FROM FARTHEST SPACE, A BLUE AND CRIMSON FIGURE PLUNGES DOWN UPON METROPOLIS...
LOOK OUT BELOW!
OR PERHAPS WE SHOULD HAVE SAID, LIKE A BLOCK-BUSTER BOMB FROM THE STRATOSPHERE!
BULL'S-EYE!
STARTLED THOUSANDS GASP AS SUPERMAN BEATS A LIGHTNING PATH OF DESTRUCTION THROUGH A WHOLE SECTION OF THE CITY!
TEN THOUSAND TONS OF DYNAMITE COULDN'T DO MORE DAMAGE!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
SUPERMAN COULD WRECK A WHOLE CITY IN A DAY!
FUNNY HOW SOME HOUSES COLLAPSE AT THE FIRST SHOCK, AND OTHERS HAVE TO BE HAMMERED TO PIECES A BIT AT A TIME!
THERE'LL BE A LOT OF HOMELESS BATS WHEN I FINISH THIS JOB!
FOR A FULL FIVE MINUTES THE INCREDIBLE HAVOC CONTINUES--AND THEN, AS SUPERMAN LEAPS SKYWARD ONCE MORE...
FOUR SQUARE BLOCKS OF BUILDINGS SMASHED FLAT! NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT CLEAR AWAY THE RUBBISH!
THAT'S THAT--AND I FEEL BETTER FOR IT!
SURPRISED?... SO WERE WE, WHEN WE FIRST HEARD ABOUT IT! SUPERMAN, KNOWN THE WORLD OVER AS A GREAT BUILDER AND A RELENTLESS FOE OF DESTRUCTIVENESS---HIMSELF HAS JUST DESTROYED AN ENTIRE DISTRICT!
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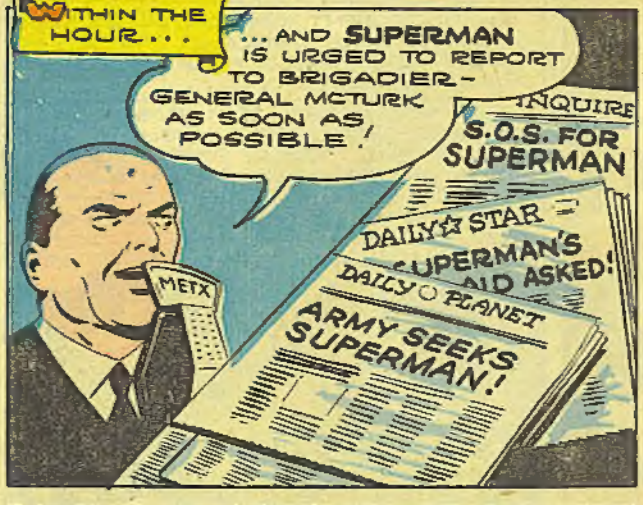
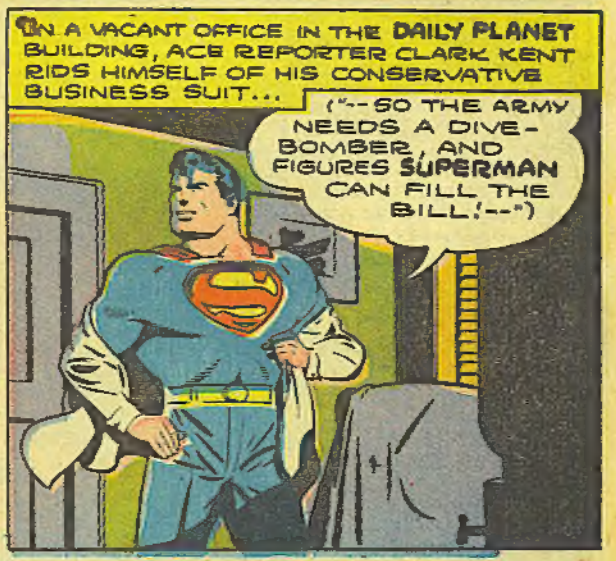
BUT OF COURSE, THERE'S A REASON--AS WE SHALL SEE BY TURNING THE CLOCK BACK TO THE PREVIOUS MORNING... AS LOIS LANE INTERVIEWS A HIGH-RANKING ARMY OFFICER...
IT WILL BE A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT IF YOUR NEW OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL ISN'T LOCATED HERE, GENERAL!
WE'RE DISAPPOINTED, TOO, AFTER FINDING SUCH AN IDEAL LOCATION!
BUT THE LAND IS COVERED WITH OLD DWELLINGS THAT WILL HAVE TO BE TORN DOWN--AND BECAUSE OF THE MANPOWER SHORTAGE, IT'S A PROBLEM GETTING WORKMEN TO DO IT IN TIME!
IF THAT'S ALL THAT'S WORRYING YOU, GENERAL--RELAX! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT METROPOLIS' MOST DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN IS SUPERMAN?
SUPERMAN! MISS LANE YOU DESERVE A MEDAL FOR MAKING THE SUGGESTION!
I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL SEE THAT SUPERMAN HEARS ABOUT YOUR PROBLEM AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

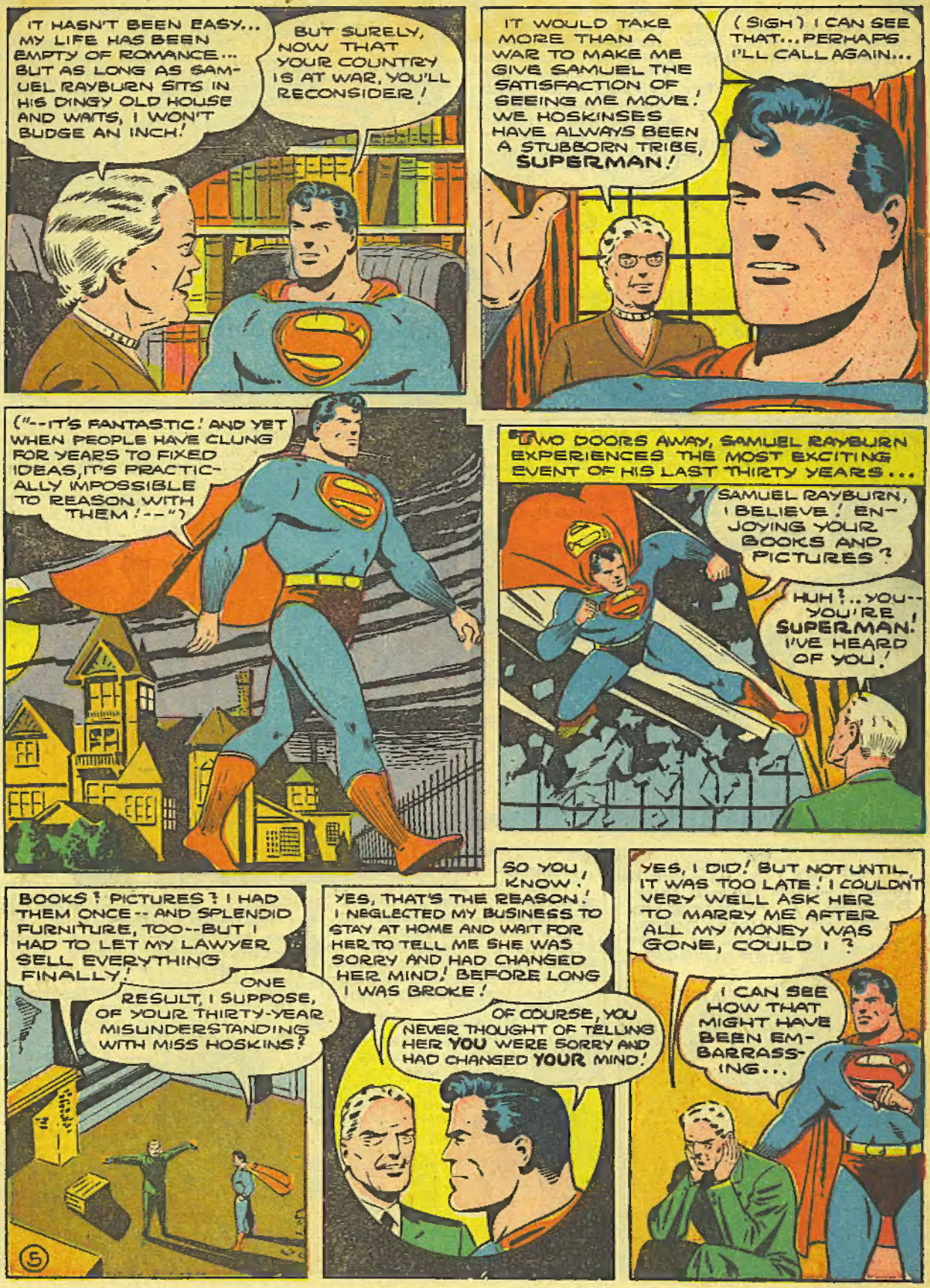

WITHIN THE HOUR...
...AND SUPERMAN IS URGED TO REPORT TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL MCTURK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
METX
INQUIRE
S.O.S. FOR SUPERMAN
DAILY STAR
SUPERMAN'S AID ASKED!
DAILY PLANET
ARMY SEEKS SUPERMAN!


IN A VACANT OFFICE IN THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING, ACE REPORTER CLARK KENT RIDS HIMSELF OF HIS CONSERVATIVE BUSINESS SUIT...
("--SO THE ARMY NEEDS A DIVE-BOMBER, AND FIGURES SUPERMAN CAN FILL THE BILL!--")

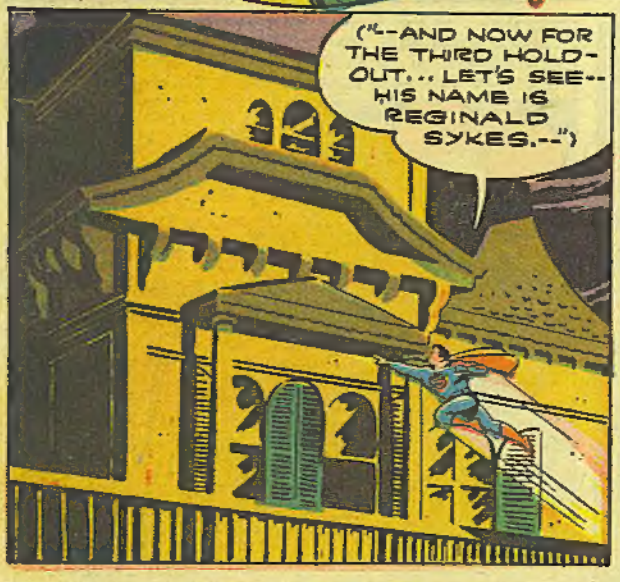
PRESENTLY...
AT YOUR SERVICE, GENERAL!
WHA--? SUPERMAN!... YOU GAVE ME QUITE A START!
3

THANKS FOR VOLUNTEERING--BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE BOTHERED YOU NEEDLESSLY! CERTAIN OTHER TROUBLES HAVE ARISEN!
TROUBLE IS MY SPECIALTY... WHY NOT TELL ME ABOUT IT?

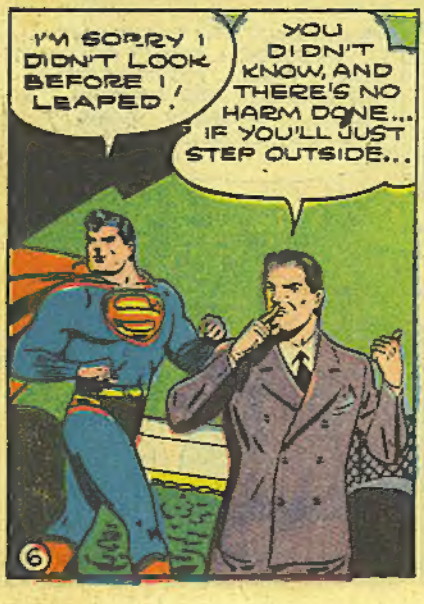
MOST OF THE HOUSES WE WANT DESTROYED ARE EMPTY, BUT THREE ARE NOT. .. THE PEOPLE IN THEM REFUSE TO MOVE, AND IF WE TAKE COURT ACTION, THE DELAY WILL BE FATAL TO OUR PLANS!
HMMM...
PEOPLE ARE HARDER TO DEAL WITH THAN STONE AND BRICK-- BUT PERHAPS IF I CALLED ON THESE THREE...
I DOUBT IF IT WILL DO ANY GOOD! WE'VE USED EVERY ARGUMENT! BUT IF YOU WANT TO TRY--GO AHEAD!
SO IT IS THAT A FRAIL LITTLE LADY RECEIVES A SURPRISE VISITOR IN HER STATELY OLD HOME...
WHY-- SUPERMAN! WHATEVER DO YOU WANT HERE?
IF YOU'RE MISS MARTHA HOSKINS, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO ATTACHED TO THIS HOUSE THAT YOU REFUSE TO MOVE, EVEN TO HELP YOUR COUNTRY?
IN A SHADOWY DRAWING ROOM, THAT SEEMS TO HARBOR GHOSTS OF LONG DEPARTED DAYS...
I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, BECAUSE I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU! THIRTY YEARS AGO I MADE A SOLEMN VOW NEVER TO LIVE ANYWHERE ELSE--EVEN THOUGH IT NEARLY BROKE MY HEART!
I SUPPOSE YOU HAD A GOOD REASON!
"AN EXCELLENT REASON, SUPERMAN! SAMUEL RAYBURN AND I WERE IN LOVE--BUT WHEN HE FINALLY PROPOSED TO ME..."
SAY YOU WILL, BE MINE, MARTHA! LEAVE THIS MOULDERING MAUSOLEUM AND COME TO SHARE MY BEAUTIFUL HOME!
WHAT! SAMUEL RAYBURN, HOW DARE YOU SPEAK SLIGHTINGLY OF THE HOUSE MY GRANDPARENTS BUILT, WHERE MY FATHER AND I WERE BORN!
MY ANSWER IS--YES, I WILL MARRY YOU--ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU LEAVE THAT ANCIENT CAVE YOU CALL HOME AND LIVE HERE!
BUT, MARTHA--MY BOOKS, MY PAINTINGS, MY EASY CHAIR--HOW COULD I GIVE THEM UP?
"I KNOW LOVERS' QUARRELS SEEM SILLY TO OTHER PEOPLE--BUT WE WERE YOUNG, AND PROUD, AND ANGRY!"
GOODBYE, MISTER RAYBURN! IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, YOU MAY CALL AGAIN! BUT YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW, ONCE AND FOR ALL TIME, THAT I'LL NEVER MOVE FROM THIS HOUSE!
GOODBYE, MISS HOSKINS--AND I PREDICT IT WILL BE YOU WHO WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND! I'LL BE WAITING AT HOME, TWO DOORS AWAY, UNTIL YOU DO!
4

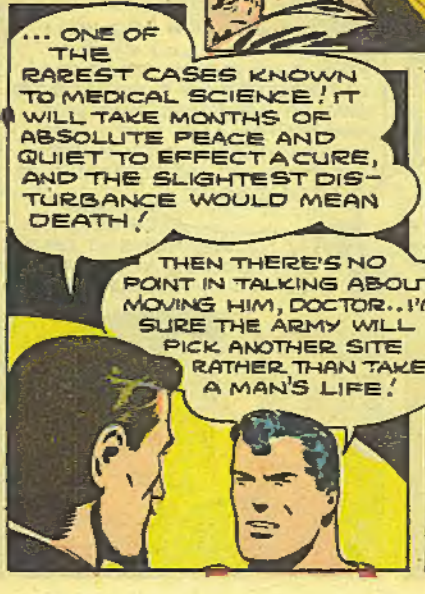

IT HASN'T BEEN EASY... MY LIFE HAS BEEN EMPTY OF ROMANCE... BUT AS LONG AS SAMUEL RAYBURN SITS IN HIS DINGY OLD HOUSE AND WAITS, I WON'T BUDGE AN INCH!
BUT SURELY, NOW THAT YOUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR, YOU'LL RECONSIDER!
IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN A WAR TO MAKE ME GIVE SAMUEL THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING ME MOVE! WE HOSKINSES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A STUBBORN TRIBE, SUPERMAN!
(SIGH) I CAN SEE THAT... PERHAPS I'LL CALL AGAIN...
("--IT'S FANTASTIC! AND YET WHEN PEOPLE HAVE CLUNG FOR YEARS TO FIXED IDEAS, IT'S PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO REASON WITH THEM!--")
TWO DOORS AWAY, SAMUEL RAYBURN EXPERIENCES THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF HIS LAST THIRTY YEARS...
SAMUEL RAYBURN, I BELIEVE! ENJOYING YOUR BOOKS AND PICTURES?
HUH?.. YOU-- YOU'RE SUPERMAN! I'VE HEARD OF YOU!
BOOKS? PICTURES? I HAD THEM ONCE -- AND SPLENDID FURNITURE, TOO--BUT I HAD TO LET MY LAWYER SELL EVERYTHING FINALLY!
ONE RESULT, I SUPPOSE, OF YOUR THIRTY-YEAR MISUNDERSTANDING WITH MISS HOSKINS!
SO YOU, KNOW! YES, THAT'S THE REASON! I NEGLECTED MY BUSINESS TO STAY AT HOME AND WAIT FOR HER TO TELL ME SHE WAS SORRY AND HAD CHANGED HER MIND! BEFORE LONG I WAS BROKE!
OF COURSE, YOU NEVER THOUGHT OF TELLING HER YOU WERE SORRY AND HAD CHANGED YOUR MIND!
YES, I DID! BUT NOT UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE! I COULDN'T VERY WELL ASK HER TO MARRY ME AFTER ALL MY MONEY WAS GONE, COULD I?
I CAN SEE HOW THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EMBARRASSING...
5

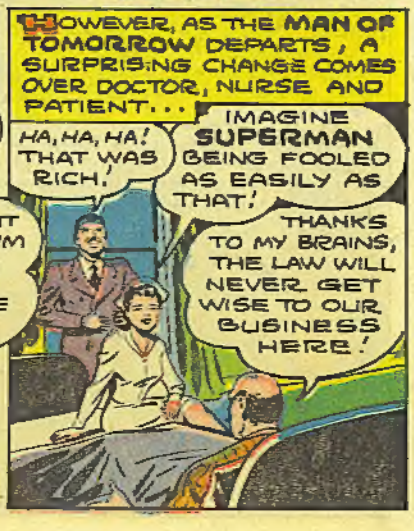
BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE LOST ALL HOPE, WHY DO YOU STILL STAY HERE? WHY NOT MOVE AND LET THE ARMY HAVE YOUR PROPERTY?
WHO SAYS I'VE LOST ALL HOPE? MARTHA WILL CHANGE HER MIND, JUST AS I PROPHESIED THIRTY YEARS AGO--AND WHEN SHE DOES I'LL BE WAITING! THEN--AND NOT BEFORE--I'LL MAKE A NEW START IN LIFE!
("--WHEW! MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO REASON WITH THE GREAT PYRAMID! AND THE AMAZING THING IS--THEY'RE STILL IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER!--")


("--AND NOW FOR THE THIRD HOLD-OUT... LET'S SEE--HIS NAME IS REGINALD SYKES.--")

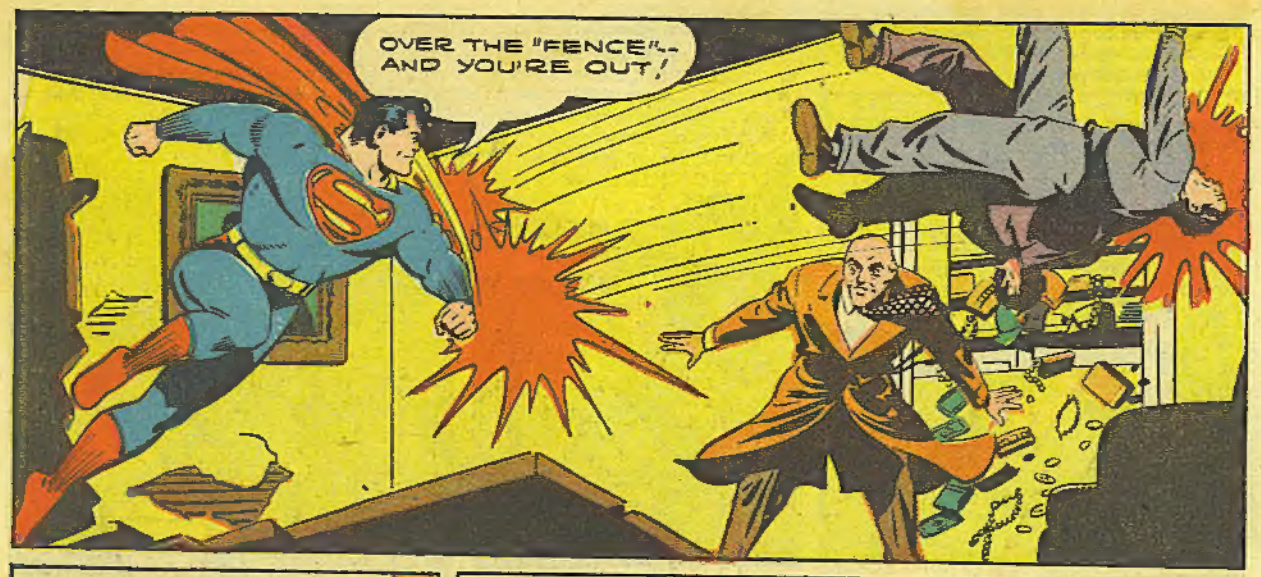
BUT IT APPEARS THAT AN EVEN GREATER OBSTACLE THAN A LOVERS' QUARREL STANDS IN THE WAY OF SUPERMAN'S PURPOSE THIS TIME...
ER--AM I INTRUDING?
EH?... SUPERMAN!..
HUSH! YOU MUSTN'T EXCITE MR. SYKES!


I'M SORRY I DIDN'T LOOK BEFORE I LEAPED!
YOU DIDN'T KNOW, AND THERE'S NO HARM DONE... IF YOU'LL JUST STEP OUTSIDE...
6


... ONE OF THE RAREST CASES KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE! IT WILL TAKE MONTHS OF ABSOLUTE PEACE AND QUIET TO EFFECT A CURE, AND THE SLIGHTEST DISTURBANCE WOULD MEAN DEATH!
THEN THERE'S NO POINT IN TALKING ABOUT MOVING HIM, DOCTOR.. I'M SURE THE ARMY WILL PICK ANOTHER SITE RATHER THAN TAKE A MAN'S LIFE!


HOWEVER, AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW DEPARTS, A SURPRISING CHANGE COMES OVER DOCTOR, NURSE AND PATIENT...
HA, HA, HA! THAT WAS RICH!
IMAGINE SUPERMAN BEING FOOLED AS EASILY AS THAT!
THANKS TO MY BRAINS, THE LAW WILL NEVER GET WISE TO OUR BUSINESS HERE!

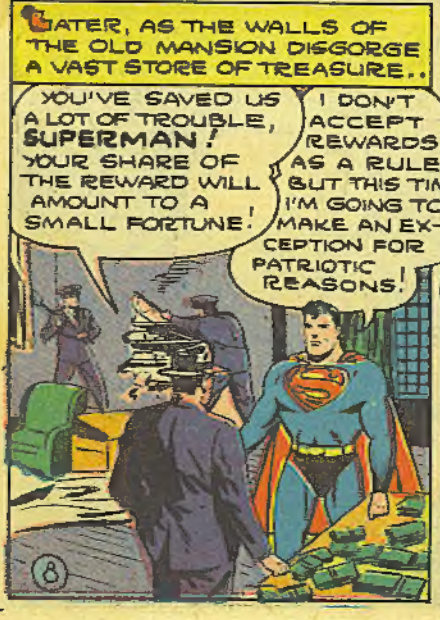
AND NOW, LET'S SEE JUST HOW BADLY SUPERMAN HAS BEEN FOOLED...
("--PLENTY OF SYMPTOMS, BUT NOT OF SICKNESS! NO SIGN OR SMELL OF MEDICINE.. THE GIRL DIDN'T LOOK OR ACT LIKE A NURSE... AND THE "DOCTOR" HAD A BULGE UNDER HIS COAT THAT SUGGESTED A CONCEALED PISTOL!--")
("--DR. SUPERMAN'S DIAGNOSIS IS THAT MONKEY BUSINESS IS AFOOT...AND PERHAPS WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT BY STARTING WITH THE CELLAR!--")
AS IT HAPPENS, THE CELLAR IS THE BEST POSSIBLE PLACE TO START...
OKAY, SOAPY... DA SIGNAL LIGHT SAYS DA COAST IS CLEAR!
BEIN' A BOIGLAR IS TOUGH! DIS JOOLRY I'M LUGGIN' WEIGHS A TON!
("-- SOAPY WATERS AND SOFT-SHOE GAPPER, TWO OF OUR MOST PROMINENT LOCAL SECOND-STORY MEN!--")
CLIMBING THE STAIRS TO THE "SICKROOM", THE HEAVY-LADEN THIEVES DISPLAY THEIR LOOT...
OH, REGGIE-- CAN I KEEP THESE PEARLS?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, FLOSSIE! THE FIRST TIME YOU WORE THEM PUBLICLY, THE POLICE WOULD GRAB YOU!
DIS JUNK IS WOITH A HUNDRED GRAND, SYKES-- BUT YA CAN HAVE IT FER TWENTY!
VERY WELL-- TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS... JUST PUT THE STUFF ON THE SHELVES!
SO THE ARMY WOULD LIKE TO TEAR DOWN THIS HOUSE! WOULDN'T THEY GET A SURPRISE WHEN THEY FOUND THE WALLS LINED WITH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF STOLEN GOODS?
THANKS, SOAPY AND SOFT-SHOE-- YOU'RE THE BEST WORKERS ON MY LIST!
WHY SHOULDN'T YA HAVE DA BEST? AIN'T YA DA BIGGEST FENCE IN DA BUSINESS?
SINCE I TRICKED SUPERMAN, YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT I'M THE SMARTEST FIXER!
SUDDENLY...
ISN'T ANYBODY GOING TO COMPLIMENT ME?
YYIIII! SUPERMAN!
7


OVER THE "FENCE"--
AND YOU'RE OUT!

THIS IS ONE OF THE RAREST PUNCHES KNOWN TO SCIENCE, DOCTOR... NO ANTIDOTE HAS EVER BEEN DISCOVERED!
OOOHHH-H-H..

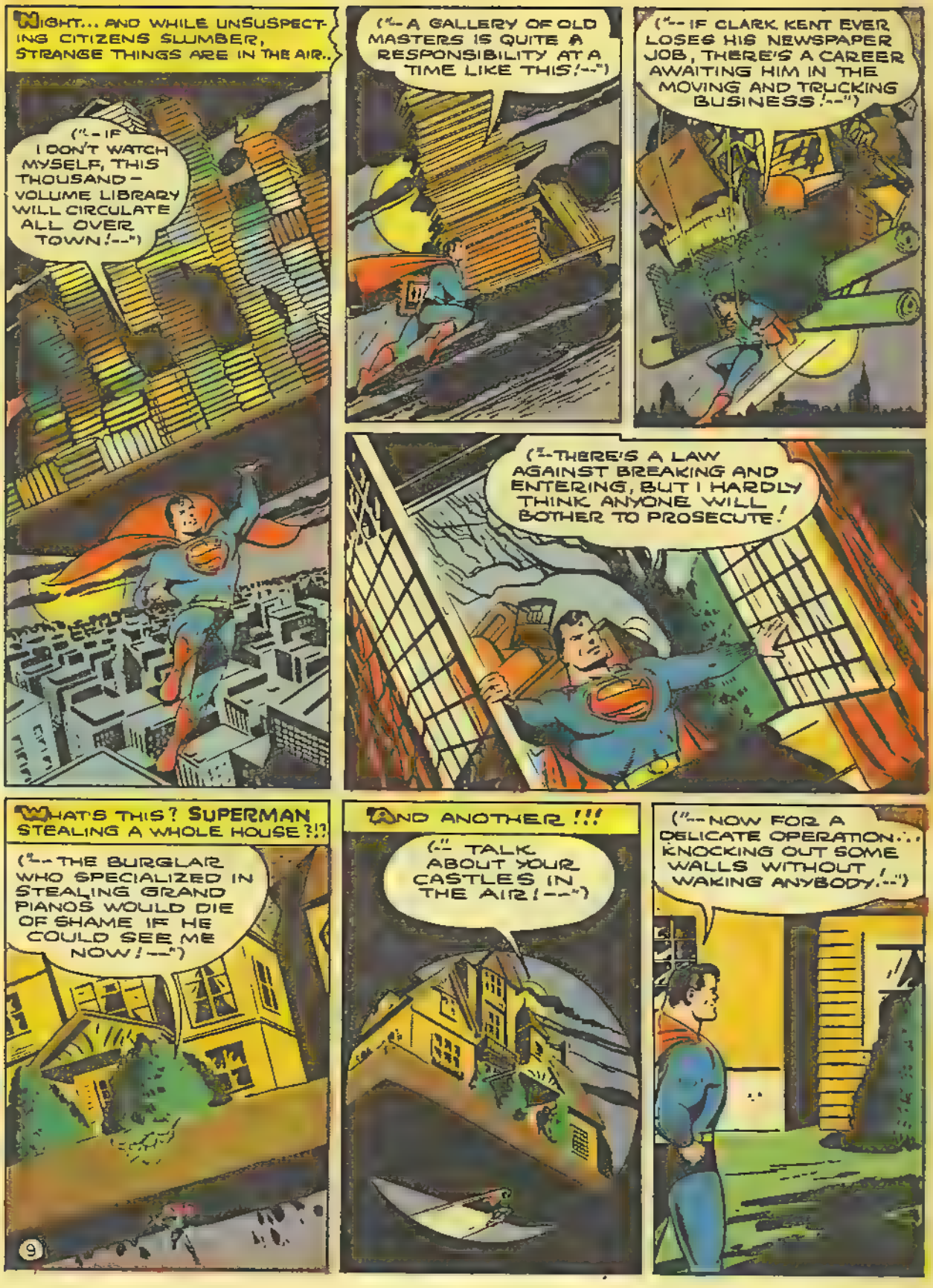
REST AND QUIET WILL CURE YOU-- ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF IT IN STATE PRISON!
AAA-AAA-A-A--

AND NOW, "NURSE", YOU CAN TEND TO YOUR PATIENTS WHILE I PHONE FOR THE POLICE!

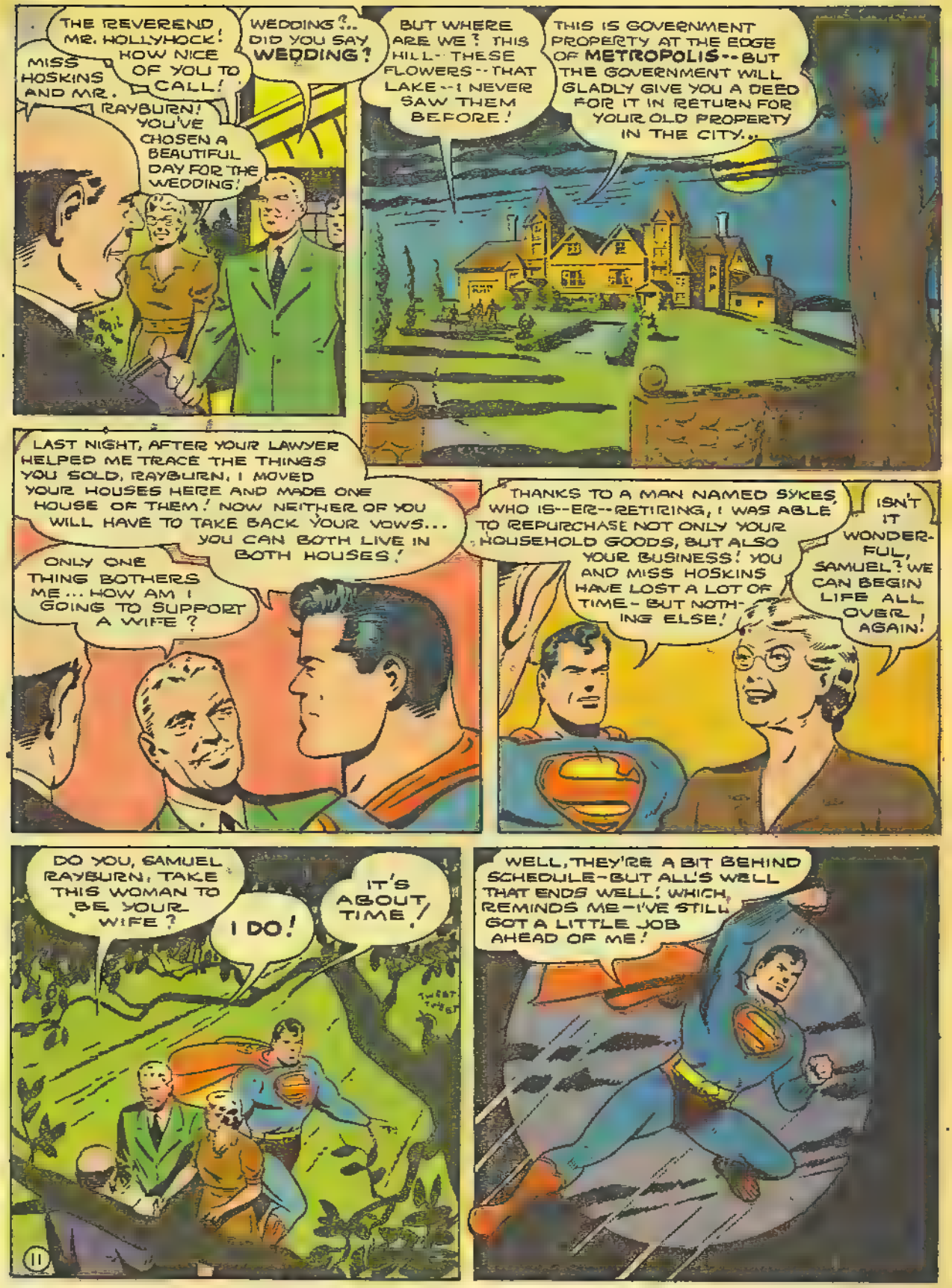

LATER, AS THE WALLS OF THE OLD MANSION DISGORGE A VAST STORE OF TREASURE..
YOU'VE SAVED US A LOT OF TROUBLE, SUPERMAN! YOUR SHARE OF THE REWARD WILL AMOUNT TO A SMALL FORTUNE!
I DON'T ACCEPT REWARDS AS A RULE-- BUT THIS TIME I'M GOING TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION FOR PATRIOTIC REASONS!
8

STILL LATER, THE MAN OF TOMORROW PAYS A VISIT TO A PROMINENT ATTORNEY...
YES, I HANDLED ALL SAMUEL RAYBURN'S BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, WHEN HE HAD ANY, SUPERMAN! BUT WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
A GREAT DEAL, MR. WRITT-- I HOPE!

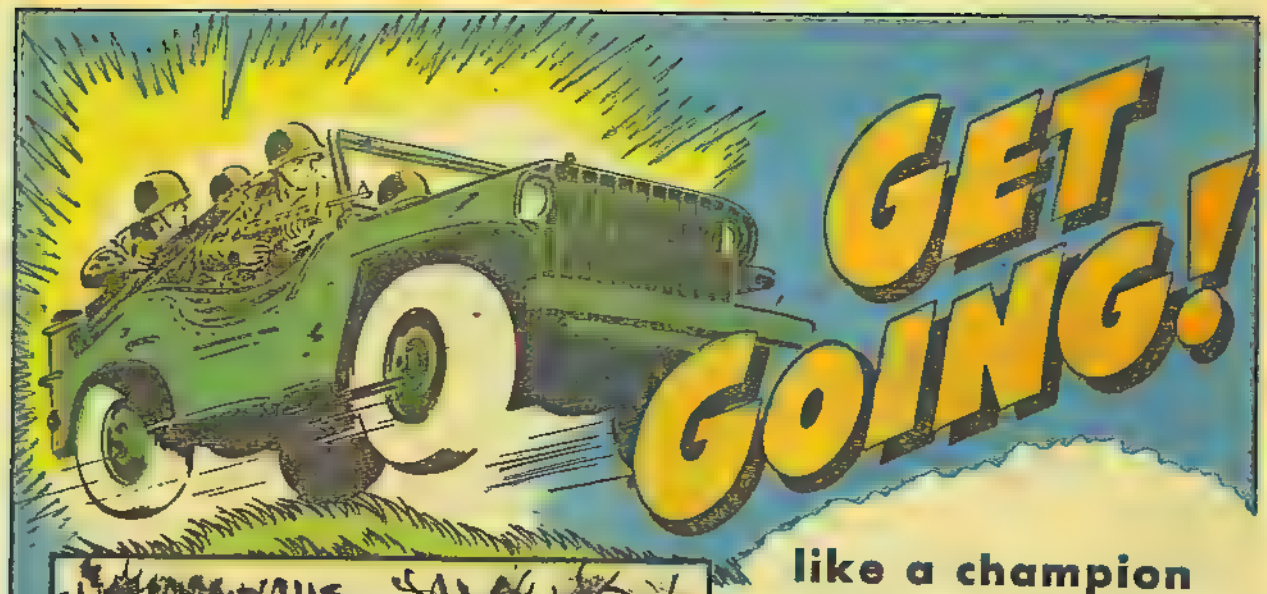
YOU CAN HELP ME SETTLE A THIRTY-YEAR FEUD, SMOOTH OUT THE ROCKY COURSE OF TRUE LOVE, AND MAKE ROOM IN METROPOLIS FOR THE NATION'S LARGEST ARMY OFFICERS' TRAINING CENTER-- IMMEDIATELY!
IS THAT ALL?


NIGHT... AND WHILE UNSUSPECTING CITIZENS SLUMBER, STRANGE THINGS ARE IN THE AIR..
("-- IF I DON'T WATCH MYSELF, THIS THOUSAND-VOLUME LIBRARY WILL CIRCULATE ALL OVER TOWN!--")
("-- A GALLERY OF OLD MASTERS IS QUITE A RESPONSIBILITY AT A TIME LIKE THIS!--")
("-- IF CLARK KENT EVER LOSES HIS NEWSPAPER JOB, THERE'S A CAREER AWAITING HIM IN THE MOVING AND TRUCKING BUSINESS!--")
("-- THERE'S A LAW AGAINST BREAKING AND ENTERING, BUT I HARDLY THINK ANYONE WILL BOTHER TO PROSECUTE!
WHAT'S THIS? SUPERMAN STEALING A WHOLE HOUSE?!?
("-- THE BURGLAR WHO SPECIALIZED IN STEALING GRAND PIANOS WOULD DIE OF SHAME IF HE COULD SEE ME NOW!--")
AND ANOTHER!!!
("-- TALK ABOUT YOUR CASTLES IN THE AIR!--")
("-- NOW FOR A DELICATE OPERATION... KNOCKING OUT SOME WALLS WITHOUT WAKING ANYBODY!--")
9

NEXT MORNING, AS SAMUEL RAYBURN AWAKES ON HIS CANVAS COT...
HO, HUM--ANOTHER ENDLESS, EMPTY DAY... HUH?.. I'M IN THE WRONG HOUSE!...
NO, I'M NOT EITHER! THIS IS MY BEDROOM--MY FURNITURE!..BUT IF I'M NOT DREAMING NOW, I MUST HAVE DREAMED THAT NIGHTMARE ABOUT HAVING TO SELL EVERYTHING!
MY BOOKS! MY PAINTINGS!.. AM I GOING MAD--HAVING HALLUCINATIONS--OR HAVE I BEEN MAD UNTIL NOW?
AND AS FOR MARTHA HOSKINS...
WHAT A STRANGE DREAM! IT SEEMED I'D CHANGED MY MIND AND MARRIED SAMUEL ON HIS OWN TERMS, AFTER ALL---AND WAS HAPPY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIRTY YEARS!
OF COURSE, I'D NEVER REALLY DO IT! THE VERY IDEA!..WHY--WHY, THAT DOORWAY WAS NEVER THERE BEFORE...
MARTHA!
SAMUEL!
YOU'RE AS LOVELY AS EVER, MARTHA--AND I'VE BEEN A FOOL ALL THESE YEARS!
NO, SAMUEL--IT'S I WHO HAVE BEEN STUPID AND STUBBORN!
THERE'S A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE ABOVE YOUR HEADS, IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED.. I'LL BE OUTSIDE, WITH A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN WAITING THIRTY YEARS FOR THIS HAPPY OCCASION!


THE REVEREND MR. HOLLYHOCK! HOW NICE OF YOU TO CALL!
WEDDING?.. DID YOU SAY WEDDING?
MISS HOSKINS AND MR. RAYBURN! YOU'VE CHOSEN A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR THE WEDDING!
BUT WHERE ARE WE? THIS HILL--THESE FLOWERS--THAT LAKE--I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE!
THIS IS GOVERNMENT PROPERTY AT THE EDGE OF METROPOLIS--BUT THE GOVERNMENT WILL GLADLY GIVE YOU A DEED FOR IT IN RETURN FOR YOUR OLD PROPERTY IN THE CITY...
LAST NIGHT, AFTER YOUR LAWYER HELPED ME TRACE THE THINGS YOU SOLD, RAYBURN, I MOVED YOUR HOUSES HERE AND MADE ONE HOUSE OF THEM! NOW NEITHER OF YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE BACK YOUR VOWS... YOU CAN BOTH LIVE IN BOTH HOUSES!
ONLY ONE THING BOTHERS ME... HOW AM I GOING TO SUPPORT A WIFE?
THANKS TO A MAN NAMED SYKES, WHO IS--ER--RETIRING, I WAS ABLE TO REPURCHASE NOT ONLY YOUR HOUSEHOLD GOODS, BUT ALSO YOUR BUSINESS! YOU AND MISS HOSKINS HAVE LOST A LOT OF TIME--BUT NOTHING ELSE!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, SAMUEL? WE CAN BEGIN LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN!
DO YOU, SAMUEL RAYBURN, TAKE THIS WOMAN TO BE YOUR WIFE?
I DO!
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
WELL, THEY'RE A BIT BEHIND SCHEDULE--BUT ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL! WHICH, REMINDS ME--I'VE STILL GOT A LITTLE JOB AHEAD OF ME!
11

AND NOW, THE CARNIVAL OF DESTRUCTION!... REMEMBER?
BUT WHEREAS THOSE WHO CAN ONLY DESTOY ARE THE CURSE OF THE WORLD, MEN WHO DESTROY TO BUILD AGAIN, BETTER THAN BEFORE, ARE ITS NOBLEST BENEFACTORS...
("... THE IDEA IS TO GET THE WHITE HOT RIVETS INTO THEIR PLACES...")
("... AND THEN FLATTEN THE ENDS BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO COOL OFF!--")
("-- FIRST THE WALLS...")
("... AND THEN THE ROOF!--")
LATER, THE DAILY PLANET SENDS CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE TO INSPECT THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS...
FINALLY...
IT'S A MIRACLE! YOU'VE DONE THE ARMY AND THE NATION A TREMENDOUS SERVICE! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO REPAY YOU?
YES.. YOU CAN INVITE ME IN AGAIN, THE VERY NEXT TIME AN EMERGENCY ARISES! I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD SO MUCH FUN!
THEY'VE NAMED IT FOR SUPERMAN! ISN'T IT MARVELOUS?
I DON'T KNOW.. THE REAL WORK OF THE WORLD IS DONE BY ORDINARY HUMAN BEINGS LIKE ME- BUT NOBODY EVER THINKS OF HONORING US!
SUPERMAN SCHOOL FOR OFFICERS' TRAINING
"THE CLARK KENT SCHOOL FOR OFFICERS!" THAT'S THE FUNNIEST LINE OF THE WEEK! HA, HA, HA.
IT IS FUNNY, AT THAT!
THE END.
12



"Listen, Hemingway. When I order up a case of ammunition, I don't *always* mean Wheaties!"

like a champion tomorrow morning!

GIVE yourself a food-power start with Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—crisp whole wheat flakes with a champion flavor, packed to the brim with "go gettem" nourishment.

Yes, stoke up for action the way so many of your favorite athletes do—men who know training and physical fitness. Lead off with a glass of fruit juice. Then enjoy a big bowlful of those toasted Wheaties flakes with lots of milk or cream.

Good? Say—Wheaties will win you over at first taste with that famous "second-helping" flavor. And Wheaties will help to set you up right for a busy morning with *all* the wonderful food-power, *all* the well known important nourishment of real whole wheat. So GET GOING like a champion tomorrow morning! Help yourself to milk and fruit and lots of Wheaties—"Breakfast of Champions."

Hey, look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 391, Minneapolis 15, Minn. And send *today!*

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MUTT & JEFF
Wonder Woman
BE SURE TO GET THESE TOP FAVORITES FOR THE BEST IN COMICS!
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JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA
Flash
NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC

PRIVATE PETE
TONSORIAL ARTISTE
HERBERT BOLTON
THIS IS SOME ASSIGNMENT! I'VE GOT TO TAKE OVER THE BARBER SHOP UNTIL OUR G.I. SPECIALIST GETS OVER A COLD!
SOAP
OH-OH-THE COLONEL!
OKAY, YOU! STOP GAPING AND START SHAVING!!
IN A JIFFY, SIR, SOON AS I FINISH SHARPENING THIS RAZOR!
IT'S QUITE A THRILL HAVING THE HONOR TO SHAVE YOU, COLONEL!
WASN'T IT NICE OF THE BOYS TO SEND IT TO ME? AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SHAVED ANYBODY!!
SOAP
SUCCESS
NOW WHAT D'YA SUPPOSE IS EATING HIM??

THE VIGILANTE
BY MORT JR. and JOE
WHEN THAT PROFESSOR OF PLUNDER, TEACHER OF THUGGERY, AND LAUREATE OF LARCENY KNOWN AS THE FIDDLER BECOMES A GENTLE, MILD-MANNERED MAESTRO OF FLEDGLING MUSICIANS, WHO CAN FATHOM HIS FELL PURPOSE?..WHO BUT THAT LARRUPING LARIATEER, THE VIGILANTE!..FOR THE TROUBADOUR OF THE PLAINS CAN TELL A HARMONY FROM A DISCORD WITH AN UNERRING EAR--AND DETECTS THE VILLAIN BENEATH THE VIOLINIST IN...
"The ACADEMY of MUSICAL CRIME!"

AT THE PARNASSUS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THE SHARP RINGING OF A DOORBELL INTERRUPTS A MOMENT OF MELODY...
YES? WHAT IS?
TELEGRAM FOR PROFESSOR SCHUTZENDORF! SIGN HERE, PLEASE!
PARNASSUS SCHOOL of MUSIC
HMM, IN ALL MY SIXTY YEARS, NEVER YET HAVE I RECEIVED A TELEGRAM! I WONDER--?
ALL MY LIFE HAVE I DREAMED OF BEING A CONCERT VIOLINIST, AND AT LAST MY TALENTS ARE RECOGNIZED! I MUST HURRY BEFORE HE CHANGES HIS MIND!
WESTERN UNION
WANT YOU START CONCERT TOUR COME SEE ME AT ONCE TALK TERMS
WILLIAM BROWN CONCERT MANAGER
ALAS FOR PROFESSOR SCHUTZENDORF! HIS FOND HOPES ARE DESTINED TO BE CRUELLY BLASTED! TO UNDERSTAND WHY, LET US TURN TO THAT MYSTERIOUS MAESTRO OF MENACE, THE FIDDLER!
WHY'D WE BREAK JAIL IF WE GOTTA HIDE IN A DUMP LIKE DIS? DIS PLACE IS WORSE'N MY CELL!
PATIENCE, DROOP, PATIENCE! I'LL HAVE A MUCH BETTER HIDEOUT FOR ALL OF US SOON!
THE MUSES WILL PROVIDE US WITH SHELTER!
I'LL BET A SWEET PENNY IT HAS SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH THAT TELEGRAM YOU SENT A WHILE AGO, EH, SKIPPER?
SHREWD GUESS, SPORT! THAT TELEGRAM WILL KEEP PROFESSOR SCHUTZENDORF OUT OF TOWN FOR A WEEK -- AND MEANWHILE I SHALL TAKE HIS PLACE! AND YOU THREE SHALL BE MY PUPILS!
2

SO SMOOTHLY THAT THE CHANGE GOES UNNOTICED, THE VILLAINOUS VIOLINIST SLIPS INTO THE ROUTINE OF THE GENUINE PROFESSOR--
EXCELLENT, MRS. BULLION! HORTENSE GETS FROM DAY TO DAY BETTER! (THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT SHE'LL EVER BE GOOD!)
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, PROFESSOR!
BUT BEING A PUPIL IS KIND OF ROUGH ON DROOP--
AW, BOSS, HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO TOOTLE ON DIS TING?
QUIET, DROOP! I PROMISED YOU A BETTER HIDEOUT AND THIS IS IT! AND WITH IT A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!
I'VE ALREADY PICKED UP SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM MY WEALTHY PUPILS--FOR INSTANCE, WHERE MR. BILGE'S VALUABLES ARE STORAGED! I PROPOSE TO ACT ON IT AT ONCE!
OKAY, BOSS, DAT'LL BE EASIER DAN GETTIN' ME TO LIKE MUSIC!
LATER THAT AFTERNOON...
I HAVE BEEN RECOMMENDED HERE BY MR. BILGE, THE MILLIONAIRE! I WISH TO STORE THESE PRECIOUS DRUMS NEAR HIS OWN VALUABLES!
YES, SIR! I'LL ATTEND TO IT AT ONCE!
SPLENDID! NOW THAT ACCESS TO THE BILGE VALUABLES IS ARRANGED, I'LL CONTINUE MY MUSICAL MASQUERADE AND LAY THE GROUNDWORK FOR ADDITIONAL BURGLARIES!
AND SO, NEXT DAY IN PROFESSOR SCHUTZENDORF'S CHAMBER OF MUSICAL HORRORS--
TODAY, MRS. BULLION, HORTENSE IS MAGNIFICENT! SHE IS ALMOST GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY AT YOUR FAMOUS CONCERTS!
YOU FLATTER HER, PROFESSOR! BUT SPEAKING OF CONCERTS--
...CAN I INDUCE YOU TO COME TO MY MUSICALE TONIGHT, WITH YOUR VIOLIN?
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE, MRS. BULLION!
3

THAT EVENING. MELODY STAGES A LARGE-SCALE INVASION OF THE BULLION MANSION, AND AMONG THE GUESTS IS THE FAMOUS GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!
OH, DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDY, LIVES A SQUAT AND MIGHTY BANDY-LEGGED CRITTER NAME OF ANDY, WHO WITH HIS ROPE IS HANDY...
HOW QUAINT AND CHARMING!
AFTER THE TROUBADOUR, THE FIDDLER—BEG PARDON, WE MEAN "PROFESSOR SCHUTZENDORF"!
SAY, GREG, THAT FELLOW SURE KNOWS HOW TO PULL THE HORSEHAIR OVER THE CATGUT!
BEAUTIFUL TONE!
AND NOW, DEAR FRIENDS, AS A SPECIAL TREAT, YOU WILL HEAR A COMPOSITION PLAYED ON A PIANO THAT ONCE BELONGED TO BEETHOVEN!
CLAP CLAP
GEE, THAT PIANO IS TERRIBLE! NO WONDER BEETHOVEN GOT RID OF IT!
IT WAS A GOOD PIANO ABOUT 150 YEARS AGO, STUFF! THE FACT THAT IT BELONGED TO BEETHOVEN GIVES IT ITS VALUE-- ABOUT $100,000!
TINKLE!
AS THE EVENING PROGRESSES, EVEN THE GUESTS BECOME MUSICALLY INCLINED!
I SAY, OLD CHAP, MIGHT I BORROW THAT GUITAR FOR A MOMENT? I FIND PRIMITIVE MUSIC AWFULLY FASCINATING!
OKAY, PARDNER, BUT TREAT IT GENTLY!
LATER, AS STUFF AND THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR REACH HOME AFTER THE MUSICALE!
YOU WERE GOOD, GREG, BUT THAT OLD VIOLINIST STOLE, TH' SHOW TONIGHT! HE PLAYED THEIR KIND OF MUSIC!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PARDNER! BUT WE BETTER HIT THE HAY INSTEAD OF JAWIN'-- I'VE GOT A RADIO REQUEST PROGRAM TOMORROW MORNING!
JUMPIN' GILA MONSTERS! I FORGOT TO TAKE BACK MY GUITAR FROM THAT HOMBRE WHO BORROWED IT! I BETTER GO BACK FOR IT!
OH, WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL TAG ALONG!
4

BUT AN ENTRANCE TO THE MAGNIFICENT MANSION ALREADY YAWNS WIDE--
BOSS, YOU SURE KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND HERE! YOU MUST HAVE CASED THIS JOINT PROPER!
I MADE SURE THAT THE LOCK ON THIS WINDOW WOULD NOT CATCH! BUT QUICKLY, WE HAVE NO TIME FOR IDLE CHATTER!
HEY, BOSS, DESE MUST BE WORTH PLENTY!
LEAVE THOSE GOLD CANDLESTICKS ALONE! TONIGHT WE SEEK MORE VALUABLE LOOT.
WE HAVE COME FOR A PIANO!
HUH--? A PIANNA?
STRANGE BUT PROFITABLE! IT'S LIGHT AND OLD-FASHIONED! SO YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE CARRYING IT.
MRS. BULLION TREASURES IT SO MUCH, SHE'LL GIVE THOUSANDS FOR ITS RETURN!
YE'VE SAID ENOUGH FOR ME! HOIST ANCHOR, YE SWABS!
AT THAT INSTANT--
LOOKS LIKE BURGLARS AT WORK! RECKON THE VIGILANTE BETTER INVESTIGATE!
AND SECONDS LATER...
THE VIGILANTE!
WELL, WELL--THE FIDDLER AND HIS FIDDLING THREE! YOU CAN'T DRAPE A BOW ACROSS A PIANO, FIDDLER!
YEEEOW!
YOU DROPPED A NOTE, THERE, VARMINT!
AN' I'M GONNA MAKE DROOP DROOP!

I ALWAYS LIKE MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT TO MY EXERCISE!
HEY!
A KICK IN TIME--
-- SAVES NINE --
--TEN!--YOU'RE OUT!
OH!
MEANWHILE, THE FIDDLER'S HENCHMEN HAVE BEEN KEEPING THE VIGILANTE ON HIS TOES!
YO'RE MAKIN' YORE SEA-GOIN' FRIEND DANCE A NEAT HORN-PIPE, SPORT!
AVAST THERE, YE LUBBER!
BANG!
BANG!
SUDDENLY, A GLARING BEAM OF LIGHT DAZZLES THE WESTERN WADDY'S EYES--
QUIET, PLEASE-- THE MAWSTER IS TRYING TO SLEEP!
HEY, TAKE THAT LIGHT AWAY!
DAT'S ONE KINDA MUSIC I LIKE!
BOP
6

SOME TIME LATER--
I'VE GOT A NICE BIT OF SLOW TORTURE PREPARED FOR YOU, VIGILANTE!
WHY, YOU LOW-DOWN DIAMOND-BACK!
SAVE YOUR REMARKS UNTIL YOU HEAR THIS! IT HAS MADE ME SUFFER--BUT THIS TIME, FORTUNATELY, I DON'T INTEND TO STAY TO LISTEN TO IT!
OH, BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE
HUH--? WHY, IT'S--
THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!--NOT BAD EITHER!
YOU WON'T THINK SO AFTER YOU'VE HEARD IT AWHILE, VIGILANTE! IT WILL REPEAT AUTOMATICALLY ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT!
THE SWIFT SLAMMING OF A DOOR, AND THE SILENCE OF NIGHT IS BROKEN ONLY BY THE SOUND OF A COWBOY'S LAMENT REPEATED OVER--AND OVER--AND OVER--AGAIN--
OH BURY
NOT ON
NO USE YELLIN' FOR HELP--THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE WOULD DROWN ME OUT!
THIS IS ONE TIME I CAN'T SHUT ME UP!
TO THE BEWILDERMENT OF THE CHINATOWN KID, THE VIGILANTE BURSTS FORTH IN SONG!
DO DO DO
HEY, VIG, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE CRACKIN' UNDER TH' STRAIN!
DEE DEE DEE
GOSH, HE IS CRACKIN'! HE'S SINGIN' A DUET WITH HIMSELF!

SUDDENLY--
I'M STAYIN' IN TH' NEXT CABIN, MATE! TH' SKIPPER SAID TO TAKE NO CHANCES OF YER ESCAPIN'--AN' I'M LOOKIN' IN TO SEE IF YER ROPES ARE STILL TIED!
HUH? YOU STILL HERE?
DO--- DEEE-
HAVIN' YOURSELF A GOOD TIME, EH? WELL, YE WON'T, AFTER WE GET SET TO FINISH YE OFF FOR GOOD!
DO-- DEEE--
AND THE DOOR SLAMS ONCE MORE--
OH BURY ME NOT ON THE
DOOO!
WHA--? TH' GLASS BROKE!
MY VOICE SHATTERED IT, PARDNER! I TESTED IT TO FIND OUT THE TONE IT WOULD VIBRATE TO--
SHORTLY--
--AND THEN SANG THAT AS LOUD AS I COULD!--THE NOISE OF THE RECORD PREVENTED THE FIDDLER'S MEN FROM HEARING THE CRASH! NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
GOSH, AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOIN' WHACKY!
THAT WAS SMART, CUTTIN' YOURSELF LOOSE WITH TH' BROKEN GLASS,--BUT WHAT'S SO SMART ABOUT LEAVIN' BEFORE WE CLEAN UP TH' FIDDLER'S MEN?
AIN'T GOT THE TIME! I'VE GOTTA GET BACK THAT GUITAR AND SING ON THE RADIO! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE VARMINTS AFTER THAT!
AND SO, A LITTLE LATER THAT MORNING...
OH BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE--
"I WISH MY FANS HAD REQUESTED SOME OTHER SONG!"
8

THEN--
GEE, VIG, IT'S TOO LATE TO RETURN TO THAT HIDEOUT! THE FIDDLER'S STOOGES MUST HAVE DISCOVERED YOU'RE GONE AND ESCAPED THEMSELVES!
NEVER MIND, STUFF-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
DIDN'T IT STRIKE YOU AS STRANGE THAT THE FIDDLER SHOULD HAVE CHOSEN LAST NIGHT FOR THAT ROBBERY! REMEMBER WHO WAS AT THAT CONCERT-- HOW THE PROFESSOR PLAYED THAT VIOLIN?
SAY, HIS STYLE REMINDED ME OF THE FIDDLER'S! YOU DON'T MEAN...?
I SURE DO, PARDNER! I THINK THERE'S A REAL PROFESSOR SCHUTZENDORF WHO WAS LURED AWAY, AND SOMEHOW THE FIDDLER IS TAKIN HIS PLACE! WE'D BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT TO THAT MUSIC SCHOOL!
MOMENTS LATER, THE VIGILANTE MAKES RAPID INQUIRY--
PARNA SCHO of MUSIC
WELL, THE PROFESSOR DID A QUEER THING YESTERDAY. HE TOOK ALL THE BASS DRUMS FROM THE SCHOOL AND BROUGHT THEM TO THE WAREHOUSE DOWN THE STREET!
THANKS, PARD! DON'T TELL THE PROF I ASKED ABOUT HIM-- HE MIGHT NOT UNDER-STAND!
AND NOW, THE FIDDLER'S AFFAIRS APPROACH A CLIMAX! THAT AFTERNOON--
TOO BAD THEM SWABS ESCAPED! TH' SKIPPER WON'T LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT IT!
WHY TELL HIM NOW? THE VIGI-LANTE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE WAREHOUSE, SO HE CAN'T INTERFERE! WE'LL WAIT UNTIL WE HAVE THE LOOT!
AND DEN DA FIDDLER WILL BE SO GLAD, HE WON'T WORRY ABOUT DA VIGILANTE!
HIYA, BOSS! YOU'RE AHEAD OF TIME!
I WISHED TO TAKE NO CHANCES! ENTER THE WAREHOUSE QUICKLY, AND GET THE DRUMS! THE MAN WILL LET YOU IN! I SHALL WATCH OUTSIDE!
INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE--
DIS STUFF DON'T LOOK LIKE SO MUCH TA ME! I WONDER WHY DA BOSS WANTS IT?
IT'S SMALL BUT VALUABLE, DROOP! EACH ARTICLE IS WORTH AT LEAST A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS!

BUT AS THE LOOT-LADEN CRIMINALS PREPARE TO LEAVE--
OUR OLD FRIENDS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU WE'D MEET THEM AGAIN, PARDNER?
YOU SURE DID!
IT'S THEM SWABS AGAIN! WHO SAID THE VIGILANTE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS WAREHOUSE?
I KNOW SOMETHING ELSE, TOO--YOU'RE ALL GOING TO JAIL!
OW!
NOTHIN' FOR ME TO DO BUT RELAX!
AND THIS IS THE START OF THE RIDE!
AAAAA-A-A-A-A-A
A QUICK CLEAN-UP! AND THEN, OUTSIDE ...
SO!
WHA--? PROFESSOR SCHUTZENDORF!
FORTUNATELY, FIDDLER, I WAS ABLE TO DISCOVER THE PROFESSOR'S WHEREABOUTS AND HAD HIM RETURN JUST IN TIME TO TRAP YOUR MEN!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
GOING SOMEWHERE, FIDDLER?
CURSE YOU, VIGILANTE!
LATER--
NEVER HAVE I SEEN SO MANY TELEGRAMS! THIS IS FROM A MR. LUDLOW WHO SAYS HE HEARD ME LAST NIGHT, AND WANTS ME TO GO ON THE CONCERT STAGE! IT MUST ANOTHER FAKE BE!
THIS TIME IT'S REAL, PROF! THE FIDDLER DID YOU A GOOD TURN WITHOUT MEANIN TO!
AND SO THE PROFESSOR FIDDLES WHILE THE FIDDLER BURNS! BUT HAVE WE SEEN THE END OF THE MAESTRO OF MUSICAL MENACE? READ ACTION COMICS ... AND FIND OUT!

SUPER-SLEUTH Mc FOOEY

THE VERY WEIRD AND EERIE CASE OF WEALTHY TIM BUCK. II (TWO) —.

TSK,-TSK!-LOOK AT ME NOW- THE ONE AND ONLY, Mc FOOEY, GALLIVANTIN' AROUND UP HERE AMONGST THE STARS —- THAT'S WHAT ASTROLOGY DID TO ME!

OUTA ME WAY, SATURN,-AND COME CLOSER, VENUS!

Mc FOOEY, THIS CASE IS SO BAFFLING THAT IT'S MUCH TOO HOT FOR ME TO HANDLE ALONE, - YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, MAN, ---READ THIS!

I'M WITH YOU TO A MAN, - D.A.-!!

?? ?

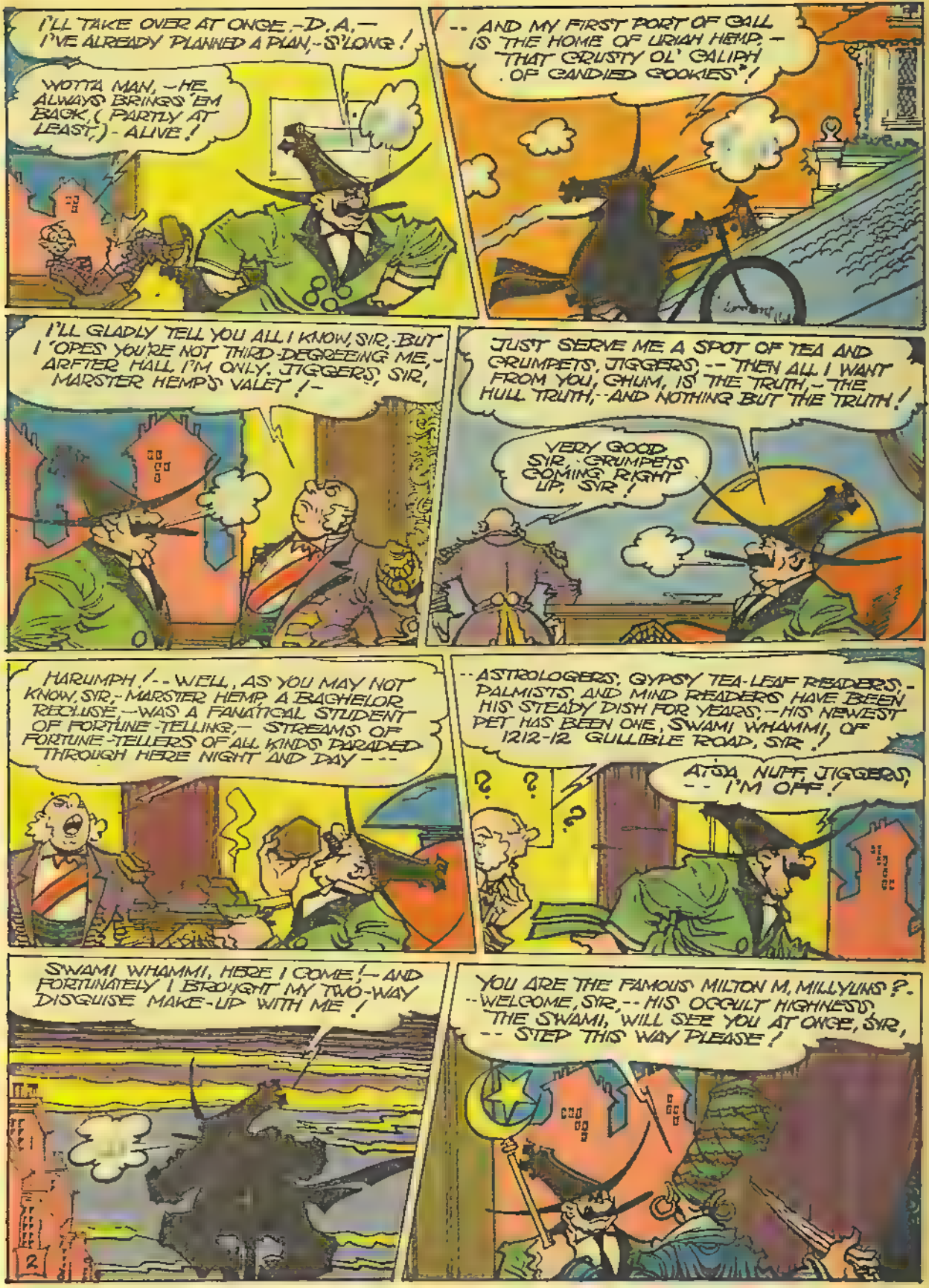
Times-Al-Wastin

EXTRA!!!!

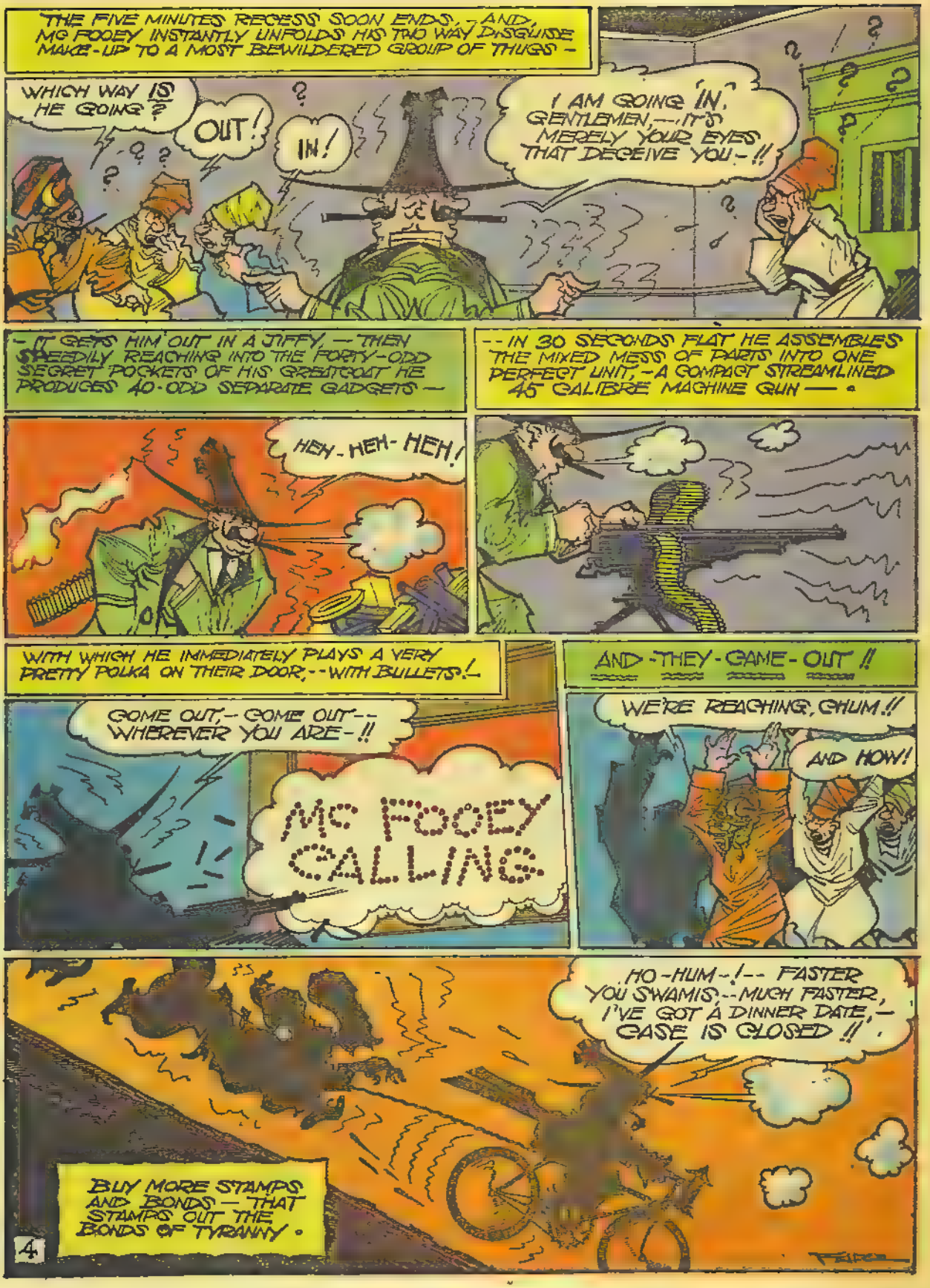
THREE MULTI-MILLIONAIRES KIDNAPPED IN 72 HOURS! EACH HELD FOR EXORBITANT RANSOM-!!

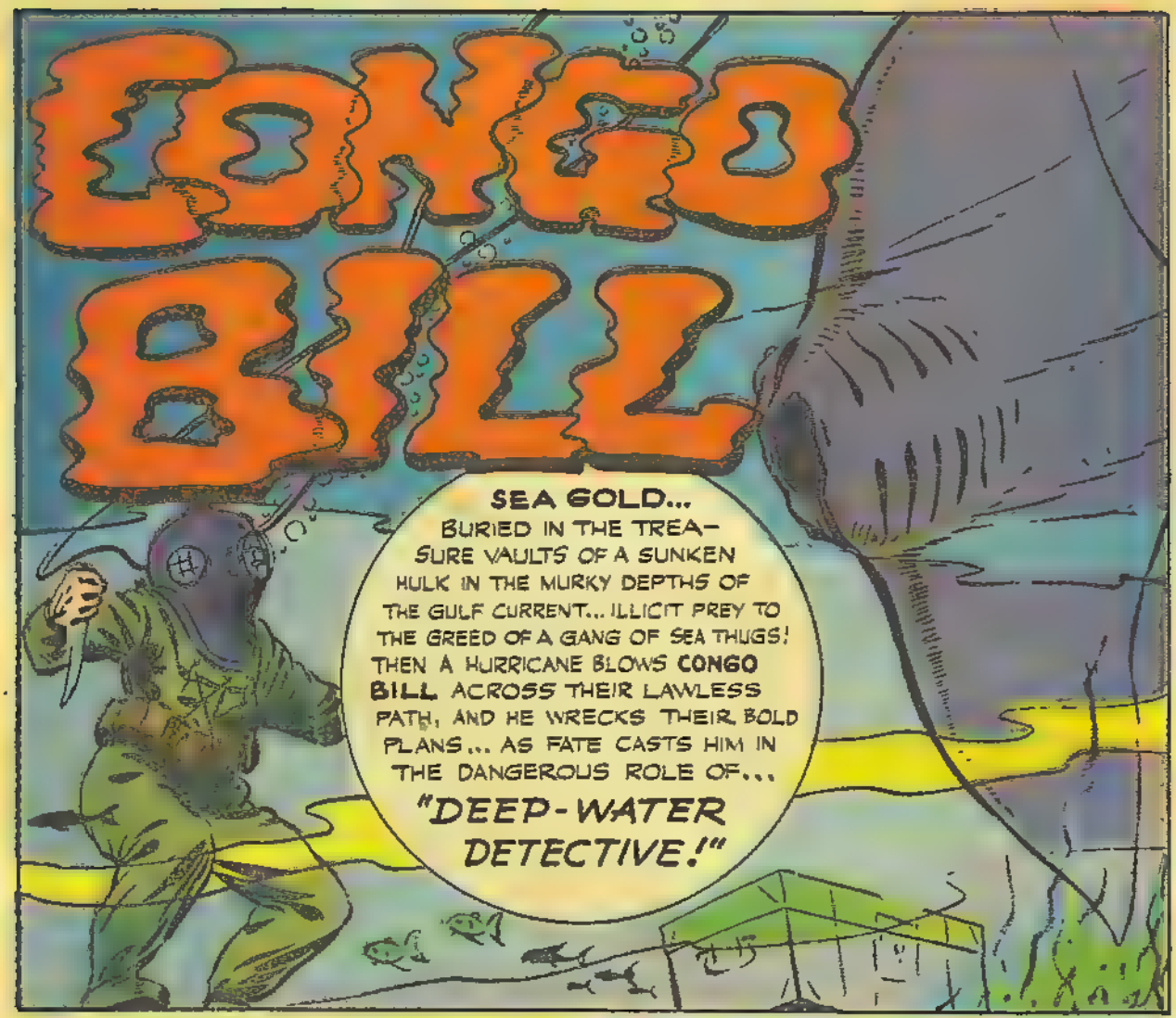
LATEST VICTIM, URIAH HEMP, FRUIT CAKE MOGUL, WHISKED AWAY INN THE DARK OF THE MOON WITH NARY A CLUE!

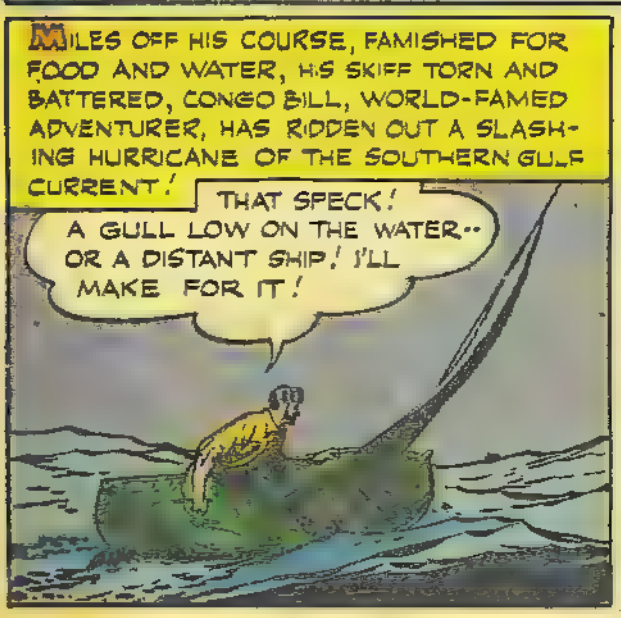
URIAH HEMP


I'LL TAKE OVER AT ONCE, -D.A.,— I'VE ALREADY PLANNED A PLAN, -S'LONG!
WOTTA MAN, -HE ALWAYS BRINGS 'EM BACK, (PARTLY AT LEAST,) - ALIVE!
-- AND MY FIRST PORT OF CALL IS THE HOME OF URIAH HEMP, — THAT CRUSTY OL' CALIPH OF CANDIED COOKIES"!
I'LL GLADLY TELL YOU ALL I KNOW, SIR, -BUT I 'OPES YOU'RE NOT THIRD-DEGREEING ME, - ARFTER HALL I'M ONLY, JIGGERS, SIR, MARSTER HEMP'S VALET!-
JUST SERVE ME A SPOT OF TEA AND CRUMPETS, JIGGERS, -- THEN ALL I WANT FROM YOU, CHUM, IS THE TRUTH, - THE HULL TRUTH, -AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!
VERY GOOD, SIR, -CRUMPETS COMING RIGHT UP, SIR!
HARUMPH!-- WELL, AS YOU MAY NOT KNOW, SIR, - MARSTER HEMP, A BACHELOR RECLUSE, —WAS A FANATICAL STUDENT OF FORTUNE-TELLING, — STREAMS OF FORTUNE-TELLERS OF ALL KINDS PARADED THROUGH HERE NIGHT AND DAY---
--ASTROLOGERS, GYPSY TEA-LEAF READERS, - PALMISTS AND MIND READERS HAVE BEEN HIS STEADY DISH FOR YEARS; --HIS NEWEST PET HAS BEEN ONE, SWAMI WHAMMI, OF 1212-12 GULLIBLE ROAD, SIR!
? ? ?
ATOA, NUFF, JIGGERS, -- I'M OFF!
SWAMI WHAMMI, HERE I COME!— AND FORTUNATELY I BROUGHT MY TWO-WAY DISGUISE MAKE-UP WITH ME!
YOU ARE THE FAMOUS MILTON M. MILLYUMS?. --WELCOME, SIR, -- HIS OCCULT HIGHNESS THE SWAMI, WILL SEE YOU AT ONCE, SIR, -- STEP THIS WAY PLEASE!
2

IZZA GRAT PLAZZURE FOR MEETING YOU, MONS. MILLYUNS. — PLIZZ BE SITTING DOWN, — I'M READING FOR YOU THE CRYSTAL-!
HOWDY — SWAMPY!
I SEE RIGHT AWAY FOR YOU BY THE CRYSTRAL, MY FRAN, — THAT YOU ARE SOON GOING PLACES, — BUT VAR' QUEECK!
AND McFOOEY WENT, — VAR' QUEECK!
BOD
— I HEH, — HEH, — HEH, CHUMP! — AND AN' EXTRA HEH-!!
AH! — ANOTHER MEMBER! WELCOME — WELCOME — WELCOME!
WELCOME, BROTHER!
WELCOME!
MY NAME IS, URIAH HEMP, — SIR, — I'M BEING HELD FOR A MERE $100,000. RANSOM, — HA-HA-HA! — YOUR HAPPY ARRIVAL GIVES US A NEEDED FOURTH AT BRIDGE, — SPLENDID!
ONE HOUR LATER —
I'M LETTING YOU, LUGS, OUT IN THE HALL HERE FOR FI' MINUTES EXERCISE — BUT NO MONKEY BUSINESS! Y'UNNERSTAN'?
QUICKLY ARRANGING HIS TWO-WAY DISGUISE MAKE-UP FOR INSTANT USE McFOOEY STEPS INTO THE HALL —
3


THE FIVE MINUTES RECESS SOON ENDS, - AND, Mc FOOEY INSTANTLY UNFOLDS HIS TWO WAY DISGUISE MAKE-UP TO A MOST BEWILDERED GROUP OF THUGS -
WHICH WAY IS HE GOING?
OUT!
IN!
I AM GOING IN, GENTLEMEN, -- IT'S MERELY YOUR EYES THAT DECEIVE YOU -!!
- IT GETS HIM OUT IN A JIFFY, - THEN SPEEDILY REACHING INTO THE FORTY-ODD SECRET POCKETS OF HIS GREATCOAT HE PRODUCES 40-ODD SEPARATE GADGETS -
-- IN 30 SECONDS FLAT HE ASSEMBLES THE MIXED MESS OF PARTS INTO ONE PERFECT UNIT, - A COMPACT STREAMLINED 45 CALIBRE MACHINE GUN -- .
HEH-HEH-HEH!
WITH WHICH HE IMMEDIATELY PLAYS A VERY PRETTY POLKA ON THEIR DOOR, -- WITH BULLETS!-
AND - THEY - CAME - OUT !!
COME OUT, -- COME OUT -- WHEREVER YOU ARE -!!
Mc FOOEY CALLING
WE'RE REACHING, CHUM!!
AND HOW!
HO-HUM-!-- FASTER YOU SWAMIS, -- MUCH FASTER, I'VE GOT A DINNER DATE, - CASE IS CLOSED !!
BUY MORE STAMPS AND BONDS -- THAT STAMPS OUT THE BONDS OF TYRANNY .
4

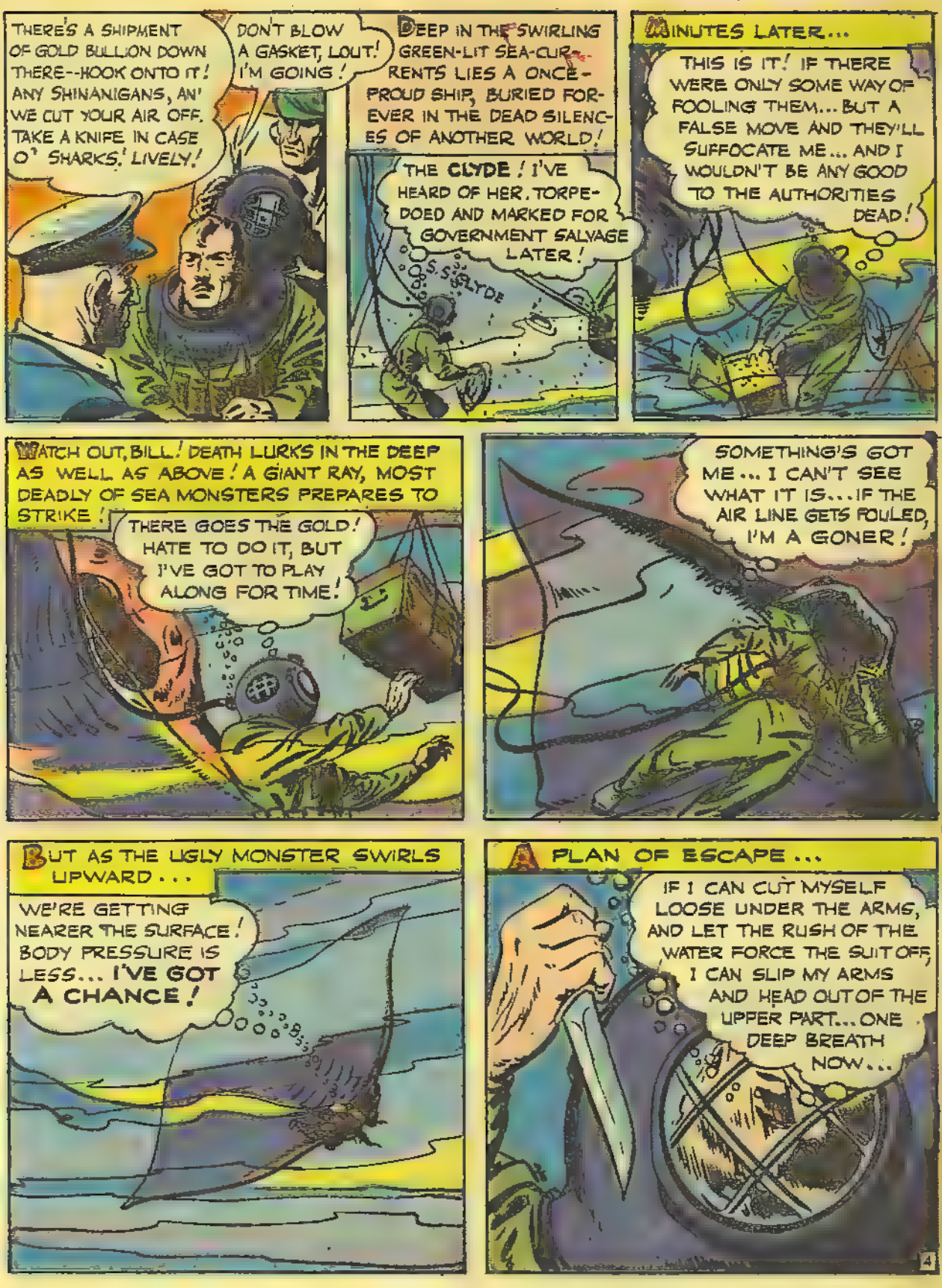

CONGO BILL
SEA GOLD... BURIED IN THE TREASURE VAULTS OF A SUNKEN HULK IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE GULF CURRENT... ILLICIT PREY TO THE GREED OF A GANG OF SEA THUGS! THEN A HURRICANE BLOWS CONGO BILL ACROSS THEIR LAWLESS PATH, AND HE WRECKS THEIR BOLD PLANS... AS FATE CASTS HIM IN THE DANGEROUS ROLE OF...
"DEEP-WATER DETECTIVE!"

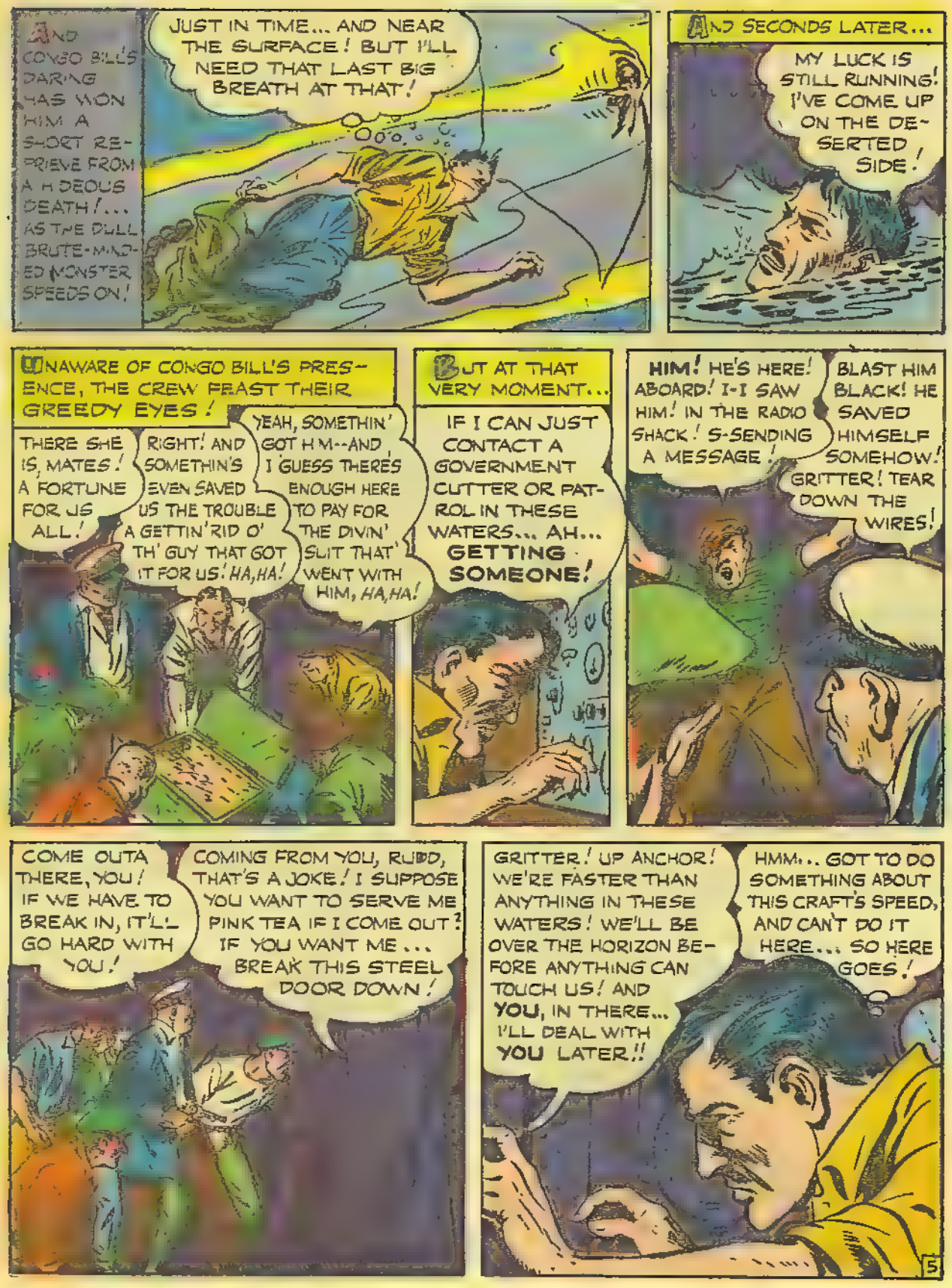

MILES OFF HIS COURSE, FAMISHED FOR FOOD AND WATER, HIS SKIFF TORN AND BATTERED, CONGO BILL, WORLD-FAMED ADVENTURER, HAS RIDDEN OUT A SLASHING HURRICANE OF THE SOUTHERN GULF CURRENT!
THAT SPECK! A GULL LOW ON THE WATER-- OR A DISTANT SHIP! I'LL MAKE FOR IT!

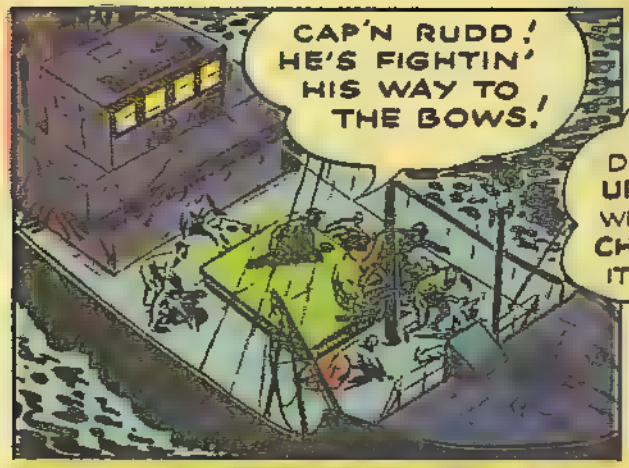
A SHIP IT IS! WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE OF THE CRAFT...
AHOY! ON THE BRIDGE THERE! LOWER A LINE-- MY SKIFF'S LEAKING BADLY!

A STRANGE RESPONSE GREETS CONGO BILL'S PLEA!
GOT HIM, CAPTAIN RUDD! DRILLED HIM CLEAN THROUGH, I BET!
STOW THE GAB, GRITTER! GIT FOR'ARD WITH THE MEN!
BUT, LYING AWASH IN THE LEAKING SKIFF . . .
LUCKY I WAS THROWN OFF BALANCE IN TIME TO MAKE THEM THINK THEY HIT ME! SOMETHING ROTTEN GOING ON THERE! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
FAR INTO THE NIGHT, CONGO BILL KEEPS BAILING, AND THEN, IN THE DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN . . .
JUST MADE IT!
DIVING APPARATUS! THIS SHIP MUST BE ILLEGALLY SALVAGING TREASURE FROM SOME SUNKEN HULK HEREABOUTS! NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE A STRANGER ABOARD!
A SNARLED ROPE, UNSEEN IN THE DARK, CATCHES BILL'S FOOT!
BLAST THE LUCK!
THUD!
ON THE BRIDGE! COMMOTION AT NUMBER TWO HATCH-- OH!
HERE'S HOPING YOU'RE THE WEASEL THAT SHOT AT ME!
ALL HANDS! CALL THE WATCH! ALL HANDS
SMACK!
THAT'S FOR REFUSING TO RESCUE A MAN IN DISTRESS!
RUSH HIM, YOU LILY-LIVERED LUBBERS!
2

WEAKENED BY PRIVATION, BILL IS OVER-POWERED . . .
I HAVE A LITTLE "JOB" IN MIND FOR YOU LATER, MY TRICKY FRIEND! HEAVE HIM IN, GRITTER!
IN IT IS, CAP'N RUDD!
A SHIP'S LIGHTS! MAYBE I'VE GOT A CHANCE!
BUT BILL'S MOTTO IS NEVER SAY DIE... WITH A TERRIFIC SHOVE...
"TRICKY" IS RIGHT, YOU BLASTED SEA-RAT!
!!!
A DEADLY GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK FOLLOWS...AND AS DAWN BREAKS...
IF I CAN MAKE THE BRIDGE AND SIGNAL THAT SHIP...
A SHORT HARD ENCOUNTER ... A SWIFT SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOW AND . . .
NOW TO RUN UP A DISTRESS FLAG...
MADE IT! NOW IF THAT SHIP ONLY HAS HER GLASSES ON US, I WON'T BE A PRISONER LONG!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOIN' TO HAVE VISITORS, CAPTAIN.'
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SWAB! GRITTER, RUN UP A QUARANTINE SIGNAL! THAT SHIP'LL THINK BETTER OF COMIN' CLOSER WHEN HE SEES THE YELLOW FLAG!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
THE DREADED EMBLEM, SIGNIFYING "CONTAGEOUS DISEASE ABOARD," IS HOISTED... AND THE ONCOMING SHIP VEERS OFF!
AND NOW YOU'LL DO A BIT OF DIVING FOR US! SALVAGE DIVING! SAVE ME RISKIN' MY OWN MEN...
LOOTING SUNKEN WRECKS WITHOUT GOVERNMENT PERMISSION, EH? I GUESSED AS MUCH!
3


THERE'S A SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION DOWN THERE--HOOK ONTO IT! ANY SHINANIGANS, AN' WE CUT YOUR AIR OFF. TAKE A KNIFE IN CASE O' SHARKS! LIVELY!
DON'T BLOW A GASKET, LOUT! I'M GOING!
DEEP IN THE SWIRLING GREEN-LIT SEA-CURRENTS LIES A ONCE-PROUD SHIP, BURIED FOREVER IN THE DEAD SILENCES OF ANOTHER WORLD!
THE CLYDE! I'VE HEARD OF HER. TORPEDOED AND MARKED FOR GOVERNMENT SALVAGE LATER!
S.S. CLYDE
MINUTES LATER...
THIS IS IT! IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF FOOLING THEM... BUT A FALSE MOVE AND THEY'LL SUFFOCATE ME... AND I WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD TO THE AUTHORITIES DEAD!
WATCH OUT, BILL! DEATH LURKS IN THE DEEP AS WELL AS ABOVE! A GIANT RAY, MOST DEADLY OF SEA MONSTERS PREPARES TO STRIKE!
THERE GOES THE GOLD! HATE TO DO IT, BUT I'VE GOT TO PLAY ALONG FOR TIME!
SOMETHING'S GOT ME... I CAN'T SEE WHAT IT IS... IF THE AIR LINE GETS FOULED, I'M A GONER!
BUT AS THE UGLY MONSTER SWIRLS UPWARD...
WE'RE GETTING NEARER THE SURFACE! BODY PRESSURE IS LESS... I'VE GOT A CHANCE!
A PLAN OF ESCAPE...
IF I CAN CUT MYSELF LOOSE UNDER THE ARMS, AND LET THE RUSH OF THE WATER FORCE THE SUIT OFF, I CAN SLIP MY ARMS AND HEAD OUT OF THE UPPER PART... ONE DEEP BREATH NOW...
4


AND CONGO BILL'S DARING HAS WON HIM A SHORT REPRIEVE FROM A HIDEOUS DEATH!... AS THE DULL BRUTE-MINDED MONSTER SPEEDS ON!
JUST IN TIME... AND NEAR THE SURFACE! BUT I'LL NEED THAT LAST BIG BREATH AT THAT!
AND SECONDS LATER...
MY LUCK IS STILL RUNNING! I'VE COME UP ON THE DESERTED SIDE!
UNAWARE OF CONGO BILL'S PRESENCE, THE CREW FEAST THEIR GREEDY EYES!
THERE SHE IS, MATES! A FORTUNE FOR US ALL!
RIGHT! AND SOMETHIN'S EVEN SAVED US THE TROUBLE A GETTIN' RID O' TH' GUY THAT GOT IT FOR US! HA,HA!
YEAH, SOMETHIN' GOT HIM--AND I GUESS THERES ENOUGH HERE TO PAY FOR THE DIVIN' SUIT THAT WENT WITH HIM, HA,HA!
BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
IF I CAN JUST CONTACT A GOVERNMENT CUTTER OR PATROL IN THESE WATERS... AH... GETTING SOMEONE!
HIM! HE'S HERE! ABOARD! I-I SAW HIM! IN THE RADIO SHACK! S-SENDING A MESSAGE!
BLAST HIM BLACK! HE SAVED HIMSELF SOMEHOW! GRITTER! TEAR DOWN THE WIRES!
COME OUTA THERE, YOU! IF WE HAVE TO BREAK IN, IT'LL GO HARD WITH YOU!
COMING FROM YOU, RUDD, THAT'S A JOKE! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO SERVE ME PINK TEA IF I COME OUT? IF YOU WANT ME ... BREAK THIS STEEL DOOR DOWN!
GRITTER! UP ANCHOR! WE'RE FASTER THAN ANYTHING IN THESE WATERS! WE'LL BE OVER THE HORIZON BEFORE ANYTHING CAN TOUCH US! AND YOU, IN THERE... I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER!!
HMM... GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CRAFT'S SPEED, AND CAN'T DO IT HERE... SO HERE GOES!
5



A MIGHTY BLOW... AND THE OPERATING HANDLE OF THE W'NCH IS SNAPPED OFF!

A LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO YOU! MAYBE WE CAN'T UP ANCHOR NOW... BUT WE CAN LET THE WHOLE CHAIN LOOSE AND LEAVE IT ALL GO TO THE BOTTOM!

I THINK I CAN MANAGE A LITTLE SURPRISE ON THAT TOO! DOWN IN THE CHAIN LOCKER!

AT RISK OF BEING GROUND TO MINCE-MEAT WHEN THE CHAIN ROARS OUT THROUGH THE CHAIN HOLE, IF THIS TRICK DOESN'T SUCCEED, BILL BINDS THE SHIP TO ITS ANCHOR!

IF THIS BAR HOLDS, THEY CAN'T SLIP THE ANCHOR OUT, CHAIN AND ALL, EITHER! THEY'LL BE STUCK... RIPE FOR THE GOVERNMENT CUTTER! IF ONLY THE BAR DOESN'T BREAK... NOW I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

FIGURED YOU MIGHT TELL THAT GOVERNMENT SHIP THAT MY RADIO MESSAGE WAS A MISTAKE, SO I'M HITTING THE DECK!

AT LAST... ALL'S WELL...

A GOOD JOB, CONGO BILL. A MIGHTY GOOD JOB!

CONGO BILL? NO WONDER THINGS WENT AGAINST US!

SEE YOU IN MARINE COURT, RUDD!

6

BATMAN WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

ARE IN THE MOVIES!

MILE-A-MINUTE ACTION AND THRILLS AS AMERICA'S FAVORITE CRIME-FIGHTERS FLASH ACROSS THE SCREEN TO BLAST AT THE TENTACLES OF A VICIOUS JAP SPY-RING!

ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR LOCAL THEATRE WHEN YOU CAN EXPECT TO SEE BATMAN AND ROBIN

COLUMBIA CHAPTER-PLAY IN FIFTEEN EXCITING EPISODES!

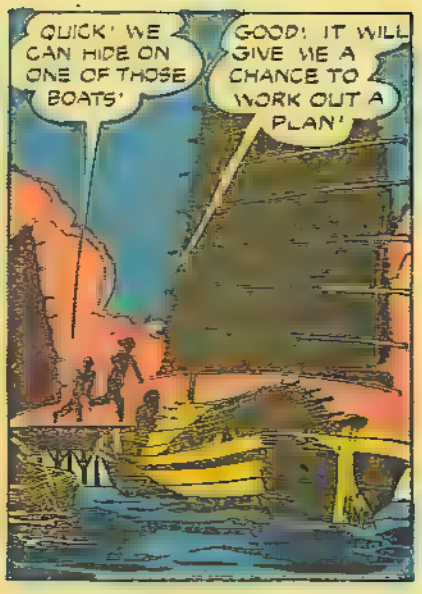
CLANCY
THE COP
WANTED
HANS THE HOUND NAZI SPY
THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF STORIES ABOUT SPIES. THERE MUST BE A LOT OF THEM STILL AROUND JUST DEFYING THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER!
LOOK - LIGHTS ON IN THAT ABANDONED HOUSE! I BETTER TAKE A LOOK!
GEE - THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT MYSTERIOUS HANDSHAKES -- SECRET EXITS AND ---
HELP
YEOW I'M BEING KILLED!
LOOKIT! WE CAUGHT SOMEONE!! MAYBE HE'S A JAP SPY -- OR A GERMAN!
JUNIOR G MEN HEADQUARTERS

AMERICOMMANDO
"WE WILL WIN THE WAR BY PUNCHING AND KEEPING ON PUNCHING!"--
ADM.RAL ERNEST J. KING
by BERNARD BAILY...
A DYING MAN'S WORDS LEAP ACROSS THOUSANDS OF MILES OF WATER TO A SECRET RADIO RECEIVER DEEP IN THE HEART OF CHINA TO START AMERICA'S CRACK SOLDIER--AMERICOMMANDO-- ON A DARING AND MYSTIFYING SEARCH, AND ALL THE CUNNING AND TREACHERY OF THE JAPANESE OVERLORDS IS USELESS WHEN A BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS PET PROVIDES THE CLUE THAT UNLOCKS "THE SECRET OF SHANGHAI ROSE!"
AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE PACFIC, AMERICAN MARINES ARE STARTLED BY A STRANGE SIGHT...
A CHINESE JUNK! HOW DID IT GET HERE?
KEEP UNDER COVER, MIKE! IT MIGHT BE A JAPANESE TRICK!

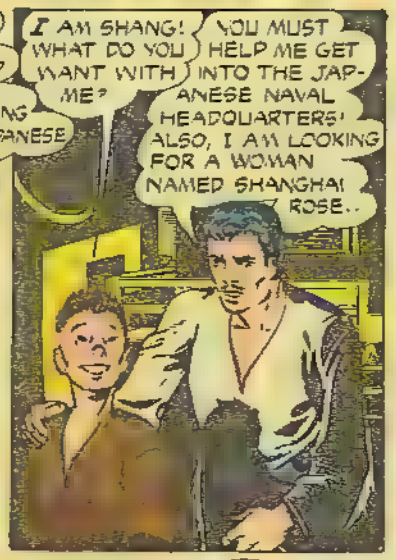
But as the wind drives the ship on the beach...
ALL RIGHT, MEN! KEEP LOW! WE'RE BOARDING HER!
ABOARD THE SHIP...
NO ONE BELOW, SIR!
HMMM... THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS!
CAPTAIN! OVER HERE! QUICK!
HE'S STILL ALIVE, SIR!
I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM!
THE JAPANESE FLEET IS CONCENTRATING TO ATTACK! AHOY, MATEYS! BLAST THEM, BOYS! GOT TO GET INFORMATION THROUGH... OR ME NAME AIN'T BLUFF HUGGINS!
HE'S DELIRIOUS, SIR!
"SHANGHAI ROSE.... SHE KNOWS THEIR PLANS! SAVE HER... SHE KNOWS THEIR PLANS. AAAGH!
NEVER MIND THAT! GET EVERY WORD
HE'S DEAD! GET YOUR NOTES TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE! PERHAPS THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT BLUFF HUGGINS WAS TRYING TO TELL US!
YES SIR!
And so it happens that, in a distant hiding place, America's ace commando receives a coded message:
THIS MESSAGE JUST CAME THROUGH FOR YOU, AMERICOMMANDO!
THANKS!
PROCEED SHANGHAI AT ONCE ...SAILOR CALLED BLUFF HUGGINS DIED BRINGING MESSAGE THAT WOMAN KNOWN AS SHANGHAI ROSE POSSESSES INFORMATION OF JAPANESE FLEET CONCENTRATION
2

AND DAYS LATER, ON A LONELY STREET IN SHANGHAI ..
NUMBER 14, BUBBLING WELLS ROAD! THIS IS WHERE I'M TO CONTACT THE CHINESE UNDERGROUND...
14
YES, AMERICOMMANDO, I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! THERE IS BAD NEWS! WE HAVE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE BUT CANNOT FIND THIS WOMAN CALLED SHANGHAI ROSE!
THAT IS BAD NEWS!
WE WILL CONTINUE OUR SEARCH, OF COURSE...
MEANTIME, WE MUST TRY OTHER METHODS TO OBTAIN THE INFORMATION! IF I COULD GET INTO THE JAPANESE ADMIRALTY...
WE HAVE A LAD WORKING IN THE ADMIRALTY KITCHEN... HIS NAME IS SHANG... HE WILL HELP YOU!
GOOD! I WILL SEE HIM!
PRESENTLY...
THIS IS THE PLACE!
SILENCE, DISHONORABLE SLAVE! YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM THE ADMIRAL'S KITCHEN! FOR THAT YOU WILL DIE!
BUT IT WAS ONLY A MISERABLE LITTLE BONE, HONORABLE WARRIOR...
SHOOT HIM HERE SO THAT HIS WORTHLESS BODY WILL FALL INTO THE RIVER!
I CAN'T STAND BY AND SEE THAT BOY SHOT!
AS A RUTHLESS FINGER PULLS THE TRIGGER...
THIS IS WHERE I TAKE OVER!
YIEEE!
BANG!
CRACK!
3

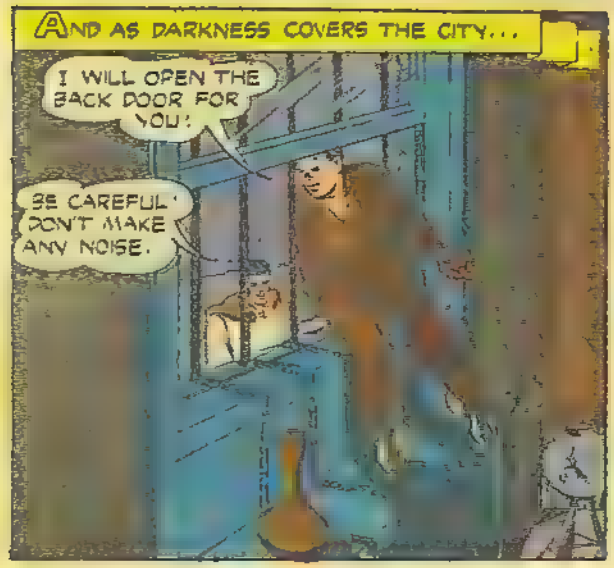
RIYEE! HE THROWS THEM LIKE A BAG OF GARBAGE!
HERE'S HOPING YOU BOTH CAN'T SWIM!
UGH!


QUICK! WE CAN HIDE ON ONE OF THOSE BOATS!
GOOD! IT WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO WORK OUT A PLAN!

THE BULLET THAT MISSED ME KILLED MY DOG! HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND!..
I WILL GIVE YOU ANOTHER PET IF YOU WILL HELP ME! I AM TRYING TO FIND A BOY NAMED SHANG WHO WORKS FOR THE JAPANESE ADMIRALTY!


I AM SHANG! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
YOU MUST HELP ME GET INTO THE JAPANESE NAVAL HEADQUARTERS! ALSO, I AM LOOKING FOR A WOMAN NAMED SHANGHAI ROSE..

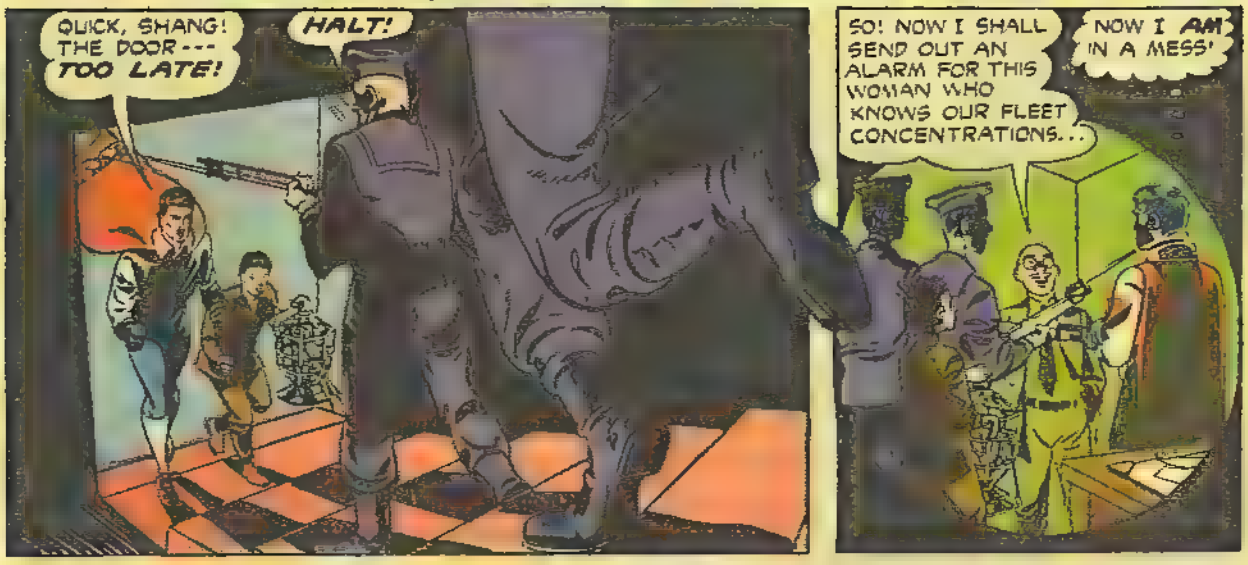
THERE IS NO SUCH WOMAN THERE... BUT I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET INSIDE... WHEN DO YOU WANT TO DO IT?
TONIGHT!

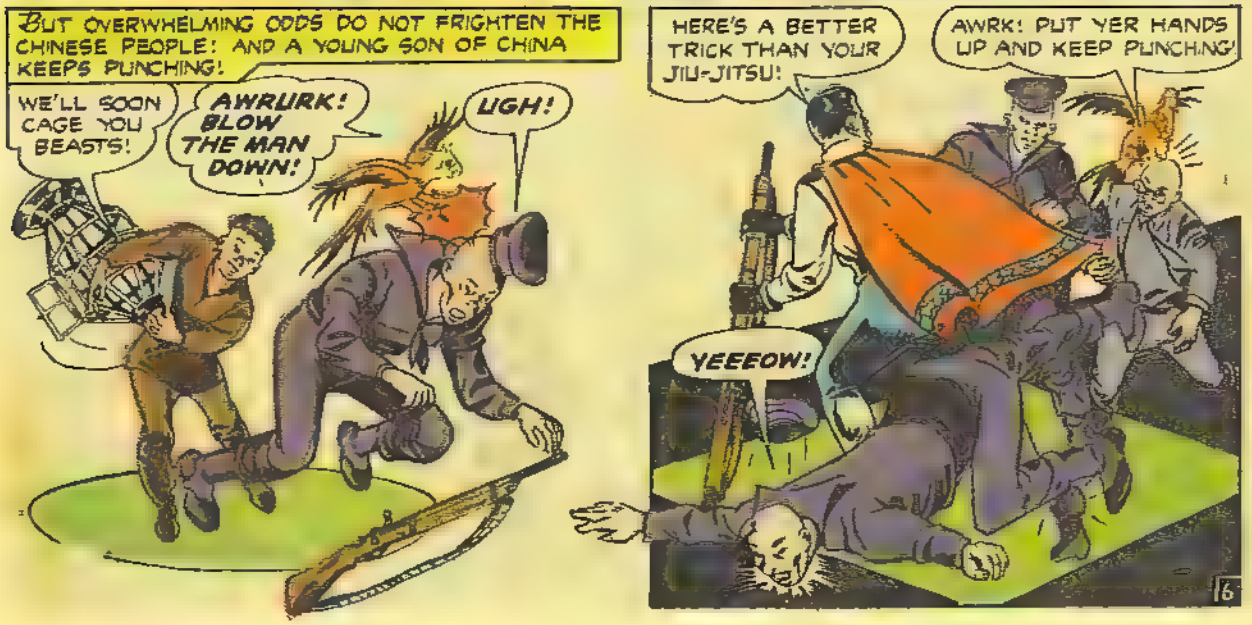

AND AS DARKNESS COVERS THE CITY...
I WILL OPEN THE BACK DOOR FOR YOU!
BE CAREFUL! DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE.

MOMENTS LATER...
WHERE IS THE ADMIRAL'S ROOM?
THERE IS THE ROOM HE WORKS IN... HE IS NOT USUALLY THERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT...

BUT AS AMERCOMMANDO OPENS THE DOOR---
AMMERICOMMANDO! WHAT A CATCH!
ADMIRAL DOBERA! SO YOU'RE WORKING OVERTIME THESE DAYS!
TIME TO KNOCK OFF!
THIS IS MOST UNFAIR!
THE PLANS MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE!
I PRESUME YOU SEEK THE PLANS OF OUR FLEET CONCENTRATION: THEY HAVE BEEN SENT BACK TO TOKYO!
THEN I'LL MAKE YOU TELL ME WHAT THEY ARE!
SO SORRY! BUT EVEN I DO NOT KNOW THE PLANS--NOR WOULD YOU TORTURE ME, EVEN IF I DID KNOW THEM!
BUT PERHAPS HE CAN BE MADE TO TELL US WHERE SHANGHAI ROSE IS? SHE KNOWS THE PLANS....
HMMM...THIS WOMAN THEY SPEAK OF CAN BE DANGEROUS... I MUST FIND AND DESTROY HER!
AND AT THAT MOMENT!
PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND KEEP ON PUNCHING! AHOY!
WHAT!..A PARROT!
LET ME TAKE HIM FOR A PET! IT IS ONLY JUST THAT THEY WHO KILLED MY DOG, MUST GIVE ME ANOTHER FRIEND!
TAKE HIM SHANG! BUT KEEP HIM QUIET--WE HAVE NOT YET FOUND THE PLANS WE'RE AFTER!
UNNOTICED, A STEALTHY HAND CREEPS FORWARD...
THIS AMERICAN SWINE WILL BE TRAPPED...

A SPLIT SECOND LATER....
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
YOU ARE TRAPPED, AMERI-COMMANDO! AND ALL FOR THE SAKE OF A CHEAP PARROT MY MEN FOUND ON THE WATER-FRONT'
DON'T COUNT OUR VICTIMS UNTIL THEY ARE CAP-TURED


QUICK, SHANG! THE DOOR--- TOO LATE!
HALT!
SO! NOW I SHALL SEND OUT AN ALARM FOR THIS WOMAN WHO KNOWS OUR FLEET CONCENTRATIONS...
NOW I AM IN A MESS!


BUT OVERWHELMING ODDS DO NOT FRIGHTEN THE CHINESE PEOPLE! AND A YOUNG SON OF CHINA KEEPS PUNCHING!
WE'LL SOON CAGE YOU BEASTS!
AWRURK! BLOW THE MAN DOWN!
UGH!
HERE'S A BETTER TRICK THAN YOUR JIU-JITSU!
AWRK! PUT YER HANDS UP AND KEEP PUNCHING!
YEEEOW!

MORE GUARDS ARE COMING QUICK--WHICH WAY TO THE COURTYARD.
THIS WAY! BUT THE WALL IS HIGH
I MADE IT! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU?
MY COMMANDO TRAINING WILL COME IN HANDY NOW...
AHOY! MATEY, DON'T GIVE UP!
MAKE FOR THE UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS OF OLD MAN CHU
STICK TO ME, LULU... AWRK!
HOW CAN WE GET AWAY? WE MUSTN'T LEAD THEM TO CHU'S HIDEOUT...
AWRK! AWRK!
THE CHINESE RICKSHA DRIVERS SEE THE NEED FOR ACTION!
QUICKLY! WE MUST HELP THEM ESCAPE FROM THE JAPANESE RUNNING DOGS!
AYEE! FENG IS RIGHT
AND THE NEXT MOMENT—
IT IS DISHONORABLE TO FIGHT US!
OWEEE!
CRACK
HELP!

LATER, AT THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHINESE UNDERGROUND..
FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO REPORT THAT I FAILED TO CARRY OUT MY MISSION!
DO NOT GIVE UP HOPE, MY SON!
POOR BLUFF HUGGINS COULD NOT HAVE GIVEN HIS LIFE IN VAIN... WE SHALL FIND SHANGHAI ROSE!
AHOY! BLUFF HUGGINS' HE'S MY SIDE-KICK! AWRK!
WHA-? D'D YOU HEAR THAT? POLLY-WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
AWRK! SHANGHAI ROSE! THAT'S ME MONICKER! AWRK! WHAT'S YER'S MATEY?
WELL--- CAN YOU BEAT THAT! THIS IS SHANGHAI ROSE!
PRESENTLY, THE STRANGEST RADIO ANNOUNCER IN THE WORLD GOES ON THE AIR, BROADCASTING OVER A SPECIAL SECRET WAVE-LENGTH!
AHOY, MATEYS! FOUR JAPANESE BATTLESHIPS, FIVE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS, TWELVE DESTROYERS, TEN CRUISERS, CONCENTRATED AT YAP ISLAND... TWO BATTLESHIPS ARRIVING!.
AWRK... AWRK... KEEP ON PUNCHING!
THAT'S WHAT WE CALL GIVING HIROHITO THE BIRD!
BERNARD BAILY
WOW! WHAT I LIKE IS PLENTY OF FAST-ACTION ADVENTURE STUFF!
ME TOO! GIMME PLENTY OF ADVENTURE IN MY READING!
THAT'S EASY! WHAT YOU FELLOWS WANT IS ADVENTURE COMICS!
ON SALE AT ALL STANDS!
No 89
Adventure COMICS
SANDMAN STORY!

"Don't these guys ever eat anything but Baby Ruth?"

Well, Soldier, anywhere and anytime you do "fatigue" duty, you'll think the same . . .

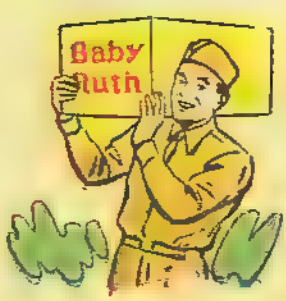
Because wherever our fighters go, Baby Ruth goes too. And so do many other fine foods produced and packaged by Curtiss Candy Company.

Our big food plants are working day and night to keep pace with the demands of the Armed Forces . . . and the home front as well.

Active, hard-working people realize that Baby Ruth and Butterfinger are *great* candy bars, rich in dextrose sugar, providing real food energy to help folks fight fatigue, to carry on their work and play.

While we are not always able to keep all dealers supplied with Baby Ruth and Butterfinger, we promise you our best efforts to produce both the quantity you demand and the quality you expect of these great American Candy Bars.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



When you don't find BABY RUTH *on the candy counter, remember . . . Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.*

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • *Producers of Fine Foods* • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

by Devon Taylor

ALL day long an atmosphere of hushed expectancy had hung over the camp, almost as though it were a giant curtain suspended from the silvered barrage balloons moored overhead. The air was bitter cold, giving promise of a white Christmas. And it was Christmas about which the sturdy Poles, clustered about the pot-bellied stove in the barracks were talking; Christmas, that is, and that other thing. . .

Sergeant Peter Wladislawsky could feel the eyes of his men upon him, almost accusingly. In that strange way that rumor travels the men had learned, somehow, that there was a job to be done. And when? Ah, if Peter Wladislawsky knew that he might tell them; for, weren't they his comrades-in-arms? Hadn't they, like he, lived and fought and died a thousand brave and horrible deaths during the siege of Warsaw? Hadn't they, like he, seen the things the world had at first refused to believe: women and children wantonly slaughtered, old men left to die on the road, young men fighting until the last breath of life had left their body?

Sergeant Peter shook his head. Those Nazis . . . those . . . those beasts. At last the world knew them in their true form, as the despoilers of home, the wanton, would-be conquerers. His broad, full lips tightened. He paused, conscious that his name was being uttered.

"Sergeant. Did you hear me?" It was young Stanislaus, the son of the cobbler. "I asked if you thought we would be home for Christmas?" It was only a jesting voice, of course, but underneath that bandying Sergeant Peter could detect a note of hope.

"I do not think so, my young bucko," he said. "We have much work to do yet. But soon . . ." He broke off, seeing the Lieutenant enter the barracks. "Attention!"

The Lieutenant was a Pole, too. His words were brief, but few as they were they didn't fail to fire every man's heart, just as they always did. They were not idle words. They were words of fire.

"Tonight," he said, "we are going to Fronde. The Sergeant will inform you of the plan." A faint smile came over his face. "Naturally," he added, "all Christmas leaves are cancelled. Temporarily."

He was out of the room as quickly as he had entered. A babble of voices filled the barracks when the door closed. Sergeant Peter held up his hand. An instant hush followed. "These are the orders, men," he said, opening an envelope the Lieutenant had given him. "Listen carefully. . ."

Low cloud banks hid the sliver of moon. Even here, on the French coast, with England but a dark mass across the Channel, Sergeant Peter Wladislawsky thought of his homeland. The patrol inched behind him. Thus far, no opposition had been encountered. Like squat phantoms of the night, the Commando boats had dropped them on enemy territory. The French guide gripped the Sergeant's hand. Instantly, every man dropped to the ground and hid beneath the blanket of night. "There is a Nazi sentry," the Frenchman whispered. "Over there."

The Sergeant studied the shadow. His sharp eyes cut through the darkness. "I'll try to reach that old farm wagon," he whispered to the man behind him. "Keep me covered."

"Right," young Stanislaus said.

Worming his way over the soft, friendly turf, the Sergeant reached the concealing shadows of the old farm wagon. He rose to a crouching position, gathering his legs beneath him for a leap that must not miss its mark. His knife came smoothly out of its sheath.

He sprang up and forward, swinging his left arm in an arc about the Nazi's head up and back. His knee bored into the Nazi's spine. What the sentry meant to be a shout came out as only a choking grunt. The Sergeant's right hand flashed around and drew the sharp blade across the sentry's stretched throat. As he fell, the Sergeant muttered, "This one is for my wife!"

A whisper came to the Sergeant out of the dark, "Good work!"

Soon they were in the town. As they raced up a narrow street they saw a Nazi patrol coming around a corner ahead. Nobody had to be told what to do. There were doorways, low garden walls, and in a second the street seemed deserted.

The patrol approached, marching steadily but at ease. Only four of them, talking and laughing in low guttural tones. They were in the center of the avenging Poles before they saw the ambush.

Surprise paralyzed their vo-

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE
(Code Jupiter No. 4)

MRZIWX MR XLI JYXYVI SJ CSYVWIPJ, CSYV GSYRXVC. FYC EAEV FSRH.

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cal cords for a split second and in that time dark figures sprang with demoniac fury from every direction. There was the faint sound of a scuffle and the thudding of knives. "This one is for Maria," muttered the Sergeant fiercely, as his knife found its mark.

The incident was over so fast that it was hard to believe that it had happened. Only the knife in the Sergeant's hand was testimony to the truth. Bending swiftly he drew it through a fold of a Nazi uniform, and then raced after his speeding companions. It seemed incredible to him that all this could be done without waking a soul.

Their objective was the radio station. The two guards were simply and silently liquidated as Stanislaus and the Sergeant sprang forward furiously. And in the silence could be heard the Sergeant growling, "And this one is for my mother."

"Not a man must get away alive," ordered the Sergeant as he posted guards all around the station. The Sergeant was one of a dozen who slipped through the front door into a broad, dimly lit hall. From a room on the right could be heard the sound of voices, the music of a radio turned low.

The pitiless Poles crashed down the door and rushed in. Five officers who had been passing the time over a game of cards jumped to their feet.

"Who the devil are you?" one of them asked.

"So you don't know who we are?" simpered the Sergeant.

"No," the Nazi answered. "Aren't you Englishmen?"

"No," roared the Sergeant, "we are Poles!"

"*Poles!*" cried the officers. The expression on their faces froze into stark, craven fear. They made a dash for an exit behind them. "Let them go," cried the Sergeant. "We know exactly how far they will get."

The radio station was smashed to bits. By the time the avenging furies finished, the five fugitives were brought in again. They looked much the worse for having met the guards out there in the dark.

In the meantime, other Commandos had stolen up to the military post and set it afire. The Germans had come swarming out like bees. Surprised, they hardly knew where to fire.

With the others of his group, the Sergeant rushed out of the radio station. They weren't going to miss any of the fun. He did not have long to wait for a target. A squad of Germans nicely bunched came around a corner. Dropping to one knee, he coolly took aim. It was almost as though a high pressure hose had been played upon the enemy. In queer, sprawling attitudes, they lay on the pavement. The Sergeant's lips moved. "For my wife and daughters," he said. "This is but part payment for them and Warsaw."

And then, as swiftly as it had started, the firing ceased. It was over. The raid had been successful, every order carried out. The radio station and military headquarters had been destroyed, prisoners had been taken, important papers seized and, above all, the Nazi garrison had been practically annihilated.

A shrill whistle broke through the night. It was the Lieutenant's command to make for the boats. Even now, the Nazis were rushing up reenforcements after a scout plane had sighted the fires of the sacked town. But the raiders were safe now, and not a man had been lost.

A cheer went up as the Lieutenant shouted this news just before the powerful motors of the landing barges roared to life. In another moment, the burning Nazi-occupied town was but an inferno behind the white wake of the home-bound ships.

Stanislaus, blood streaking the lamp-black on his face, nudged the Sergeant and pointed to a figure gesticulating wildly on the beach. "It is a Nazi officer," he said. Then, wistfully. "I wish I could pick him off. Look—he's signalling us to come back."

The Sergeant smiled. It was an old sight to him. The Nazis always became hysterical after suffering losses. He grunted, and when he spoke his words were directed toward the fast disappearing line of red on the shore. "Yes, my friend," he said, as though the frenzied Nazi were face-to-face with him. "We shall come back again. And we will pass through Germany on the way to Poland!"

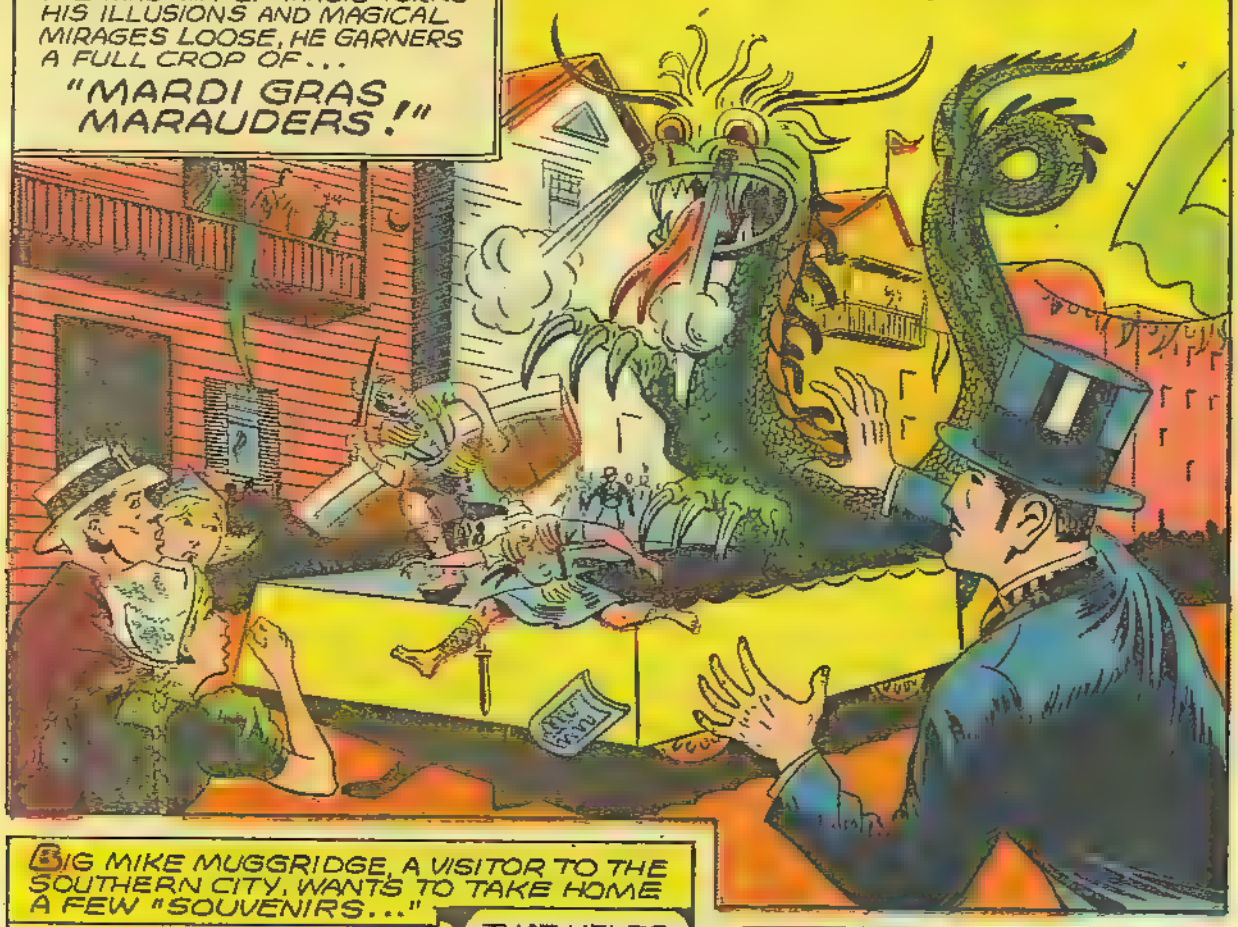
Then he turned, laid a heavy arm across young Stanislaus' shoulders. The boy's face was upturned to that of the older man.

"Not this Christmas," he said, "shall we be home, Stanislaus." The lines on his face tightened. "But I promise you this, that it will not be long before we are home—home for Christmas and forever."

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

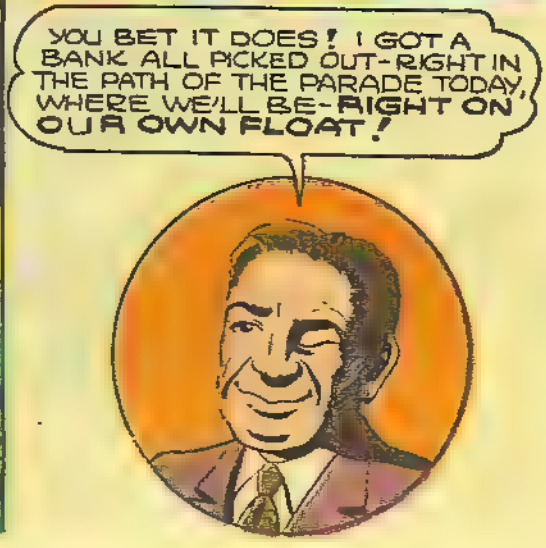
THE GAY SOUTHERN CITY OF ORLEAN IS BRIGHT WITH GAUDY CLOTHES AND BRILLIANT COLORS TO CELEBRATE THE ANNUAL HARVEST! THEN TERROR STALKS THE STREETS AS MIKE'S MOBSTERS FLOAT INTO THE THICK OF THE PARADE TO REAP THEMSELVES A GOLDEN SHARE OF GOLD AND GREENBACKS! BUT WHEN THE MASTER OF MAGIC TURNS HIS ILLUSIONS AND MAGICAL MIRAGES LOOSE, HE GARNERS A FULL CROP OF...

"MARDI GRAS MARAUDERS!"



BIG MIKE MUGGRIDGE, A VISITOR TO THE SOUTHERN CITY, WANTS TO TAKE HOME A FEW "SOUVENIRS..."

THERE'S PLENTY OF LOOSE MOOLA AROUND THIS TOWN! THE COTTON CROP'S BEEN SOLD, AND THE BANKS ARE JUST BULGIN' WITH CASH!
THAT HELPS US, HUH?



WE'RE GOIN' TO BE IN THAT PARADE, AS JULIUS CAESAR AND HIS SOLDIERS CROSSIN' THE RUBICAN! LIKE THE IDEA?
YA MEAN WE GOTTA WEAR THAT HEAVY ARMOUR AN' RIDE ON THAT FLOAT?
HAW-HAW! YOU SURE ARE COMICAL - BUT ALL THE BETTER! IT'LL MAKE US SEEM A NATURAL PART OF THAT PARADE!
AWW, MIKE, HAVE A HEART!
THAT AFTERNOON THE GALA PARADE MOVES PONDEROUSLY DOWN THE CROWD-LINED STREETS OF ORLEAN...
AND FROM A NEARBY BALCONY, ZATARA, THE MASTER MAGICIAN, SURVEYS THE COLORFUL PANORAMA...
I'M GLAD I WAS SCHEDULED TO BE IN ORLEAN AT MARDI GRAS TIME!
MAIS OUI, MON AMI! IT IS A SIGHT WORTH SEEING!
AT A PARTICULARLY CROWDED STREET CORNER, BIG MIKE AND HIS MOBSTERS MOVE SWIFTLY...
THE FOLKS ARE SO EXCITED, THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE!
AN' WHILE THE PARADE GOES ON, WE ROB THE BANK!
INSIDE, CHUM!
YEAH, YA CAN DO YOUR SIGHTSEEIN' FROM INSIDE! WE'RE PUTTIN ON A SHOW OF OUR OWN...
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, MIKE! THIS IS A CINCH!
AN' THE BEST PART IS, THE PARADE COMES BACK UP THE NEXT STREET! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS JUMP ON THE FLOAT AGAIN, HIDE THE DOUGH, AN' PLAY DUMB...
YES, BIG MIKE, IT SURE LOOKS LIKE A CINCH - BUT...

THE SUREST WAY TO ENJOY THIS FESTIVAL IS TO SHARE IT WITH THE PEOPLE- ON THE STREETS THEM- SELVES!
HURRY UP, YOU GUYS.. WE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE FLOAT!
ONE SIDE, MAC! I CAN'T HANG AROUND HERE ALL DAY...
WELL- WONDER WHY HE'S IN SUCH A DES- PERATE HURRY?
AND CARRYING BANK BAGS? NOW JUST FOR FUN... GAB, LAEVER FLES!
HEY, ZATARA! WE BELONG BACK IN THE MORN EXCHANGE BANK! THESE CITY SLICKERS ARE RUN- NING OFF WITH US!
OH? IN THAT CASE ..SGAB WORG SGNIW!
HEY, WHAT IS THIS?
COME BACK HERE!
OOPS! I'M GOING UP LIKE AN ELEVATOR!
A NEW SORT OF SHOW!
I SAW ZATARA A LITTLE WHILE AGO! I'LL BET HE'S PUTTING THIS ON! YIPPEEE!!
OVERTAXED MUSCLES DEMAND REST- AND THE THUGS RELAX THEIR HOLDS...
OWTCH!
TA-TA, AU RE- VOIR AND SO LONG!
OWW!
OW!
3

IT IS ZATARA
COME ON, IF WE GET TO THAT FLOAT, WE STILL GOT A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!
NOGARD EMOC OT EFIL!
ROOOAR
AAAAAAGH!
YEEEOW!
HEELP!
OWW. HE'S GOT ME!
YEAH-BUT SUPPOSIN THE DRAGON JUMPS TOO?
JUMP FOR IT!
DELIGHTED WITH THIS NEW-TYPE OF "SHOW", THE SIGHTSEERS EXPRESS THEIR APPRECIATION A LITTLE TOO ENTHUSIASTICALLY!
HA, HA! GREAT PERFORMANCE, ZATARA!
PLEASE, I MUST GET THROUGH!
WHAT A SWELL PUBLICITY STUNT!
I'M BRING-IN' MY FAMILY AND GUESTS TO SEE YOU TONIGHT!
AS THE GAY PEDESTRIANS UNWITTINGLY OBSTRUCT JUSTICE...
I CAN'T INSULT THESE PEOPLE, AND YET THOSE CROOKS WILL GET AWAY NOW...
WE'LL CARRY YOU TO THE THEATRE!
AND MAKE IT A SELLOUT, TOO!
...THE MISCREANTS REACH SAFETY!
PUFF-PUFF IT'S GONE!
WHEWE I SURE WAS GETTIN' READY TO BE EATIN' ALIVE!
IT- IT'S DISAPPEARED INTO THIN MIST...
4

AND SOMETIME LATER...
YEAH, YEAH, SO WE FLOPPED THAT CHANCE! HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW ZATARA IS IN TOWN?
WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE STILL AIN'T GOT THAT DOUGH WE CAME FOR!
THE WEALTHY MRS. VERE DE VERE IS GIVIN' A LAWN CHARITY PARTY TOMORROW AFTERNOON. THERE'S BOUND TO BE LOTS OF COSTUMES THERE. WE COULD SNEAK IN THAT WAY AS ENTERTAINERS...
NAW! IT'D BE JUST OUR LUCK DAT ZATARA'D BE ONE OF 'EM!
WELL, HE CAN'T BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME! WE'LL SPLIT INTO TWO PARTIES TO MAKE SURE HE'S IN ONE PLACE—WHILE WE PULL A JOB SOMEPLACE ELSE!
HUH, DAT'S AN IDEA!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON, ON THE TERRACES OF THE DE VERE LAWN...
ZATARA IS ON HAND!
I CONSIDER MYSELF LUCKY TO HAVE YOU TO ENTERTAIN, ZATARA! ESPECIALLY AFTER THAT UNUSUAL PUBLICITY STUNT OF YOURS YESTERDAY!
IT WASN'T A STUNT. THOSE WERE REAL CROOKS!
I'D NEVER HAVE ABANDONED MY PURSUIT OF THOSE RATS, IF THIS HADN'T BEEN A CHARITY AFFAIR!
OH-OH! MAYBE I WON'T HAVE TO ABANDON IT AFTER ALL! IF MY EYES AREN'T DECEIVING ME, THOSE "COWBOYS" ARE SOME OF THAT GANG!
5

I TELL YA, I SAW HIM—ZATARA! HE'S HERE! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!
OKAY, OKAY! LET HIM SEE YOU! STAND NEAR HIM, BUT DON'T DO NOTHIN'! LEAVE THE REST TO ME!
WITH THE BOYS ACTIN' AS A WATCH ON ZATARA, I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO LOOT THE DEVERE SAFE IN SAFETY! HUH, THAT'S A GOOD ONE!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! I'M POSITIVE THOSE ARE THE MEN, BUT THEY AREN'T DOING A THING OUT OF THE WAY...
WITH BLAZING EYES AND HYPNOTICALLY MOVING HANDS, THE MASTER MAGICIAN CASTS A SPELL OVER HIS AUDIENCE...
EES EM SA UOY OD WON!
BY ALLOWING THE GUESTS AND THOSE MOBSTERS TO SEE ME PERFORM MY MAGIC, I'LL BE FREE TO INVESTIGATE!
EFAS BARG, SIH ESON!
WHAT A SWEET HAUL!
DON'T BE SO EAGER, BUB! IT AIN'T YOURS, YOU KNOW!
HUH? WHAS-SAT? ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?
6

OWWWOOW!
YOU TWISTED MY DIALS-SO I GUESS I CAN TWEAK YOUR NOSE A LITTLE!
YOU'RE A SPANKING BIG BOY...
OWTCH! LEGGO ME! LEMME ALONE ... OWTCH!
MEANWHILE...
ALL OF A SUDDEN HE'S SO INTERESTED IN HIS MAGIC, HE DON'T SEE US!
WE CAN SNEAK OFF AN' SEE HOW MIKE'S MAKIN' OUT!
ZATARA! HE'S HERE!
YEAH-AN' LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO BIG MIKE!
HAD ENOUGH, MIKE?
YEAH, YEAH! LEMME ALONE... I QUIT...!
HEY-WE GOT HIM!
MIKE-YOU OKAY?
YEAH-BUT I GOT SOMETHIN' TO DO!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO GET GAY... OWW!
THE FORM OF ZATARA FADES BEFORE THE EYES OF THE DEVERE GUESTS, OWING TO THE FACT THAT WHEN UNCONSCIOUS, THE MAGICIAN'S HYPNOTIC POWERS END...
HA-HA! WHAT AN EXIT!
HE JUST DISAPPEARS! WONDERFUL!

WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY THE PLACE IS OURS!
JUST THINK OF ALL THE DOUGH THEM SOCIETY BIG-WIGS'LL HAVE IN THEIR POCKETS!
WHEW! THAT WAS QUITE A SOCK! BUT MY HEAD IS CLEARING FAST!
I HAVEN'T SEEN A GAME OF COWBOY AND INDIANS IN A LONG TIME, SO... SNAIDNI RAEPPA!
EEYEOW! INDIANS-SHOOTIN' AT US WITH REAL ARROWS!
THEY OUGHTTA BE ON A RESERVATION!
WHOOPING AND YELLING, THE REDSKINS TAKE AFTER THE FLEEING GUNMEN...
YAHOOO!
SCALP UM BIG DOPE WHITE MAN!
YAYAYAYA!
OWW!
WHITE MAN BITE DUST PRETTY GOOD!
UGH! WHAT FLAVOR, BAD GUY?
AWWPFOO..
WHAT A SHOW!
YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN, ZATARA! WHAT SPLENDID COSTUMES, TOO!
THEY'LL GIVE THEM DIFFERENT COSTUMES WHERE THEY'RE GOING— BLACK AND WHITE, STRIPED ONES!
THE END.

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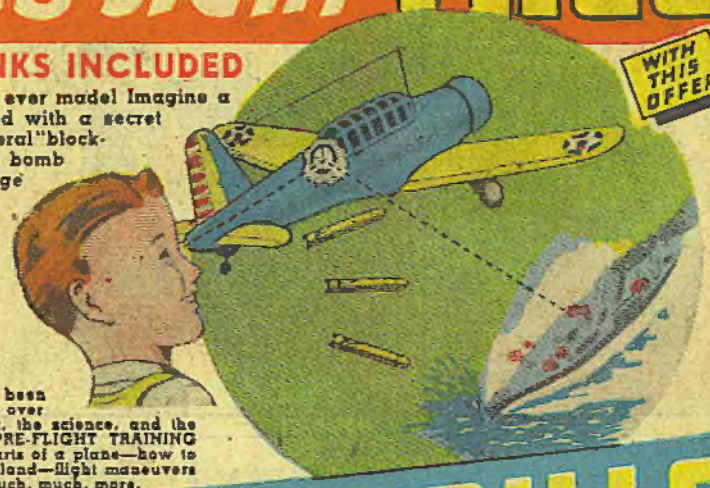

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